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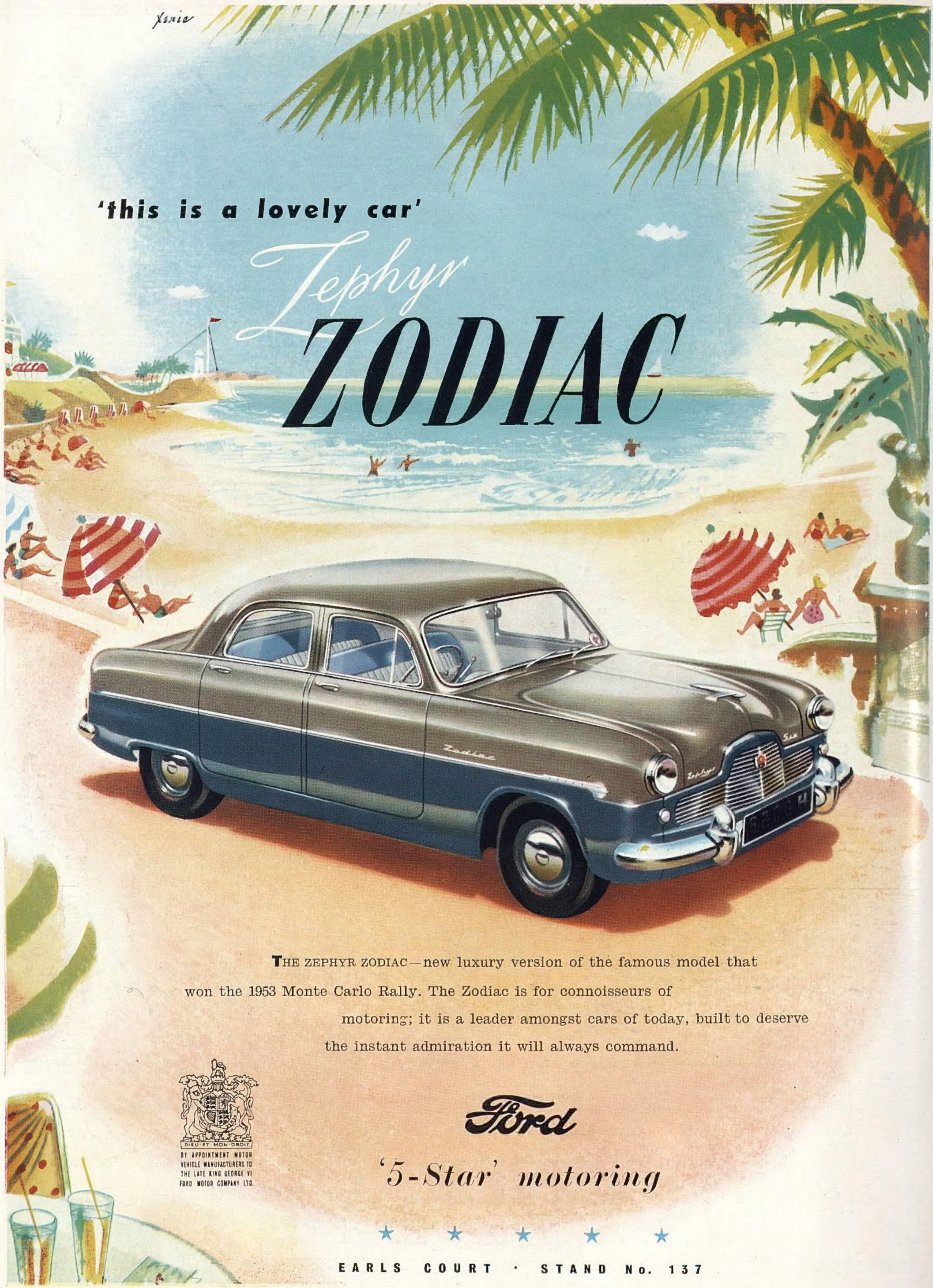
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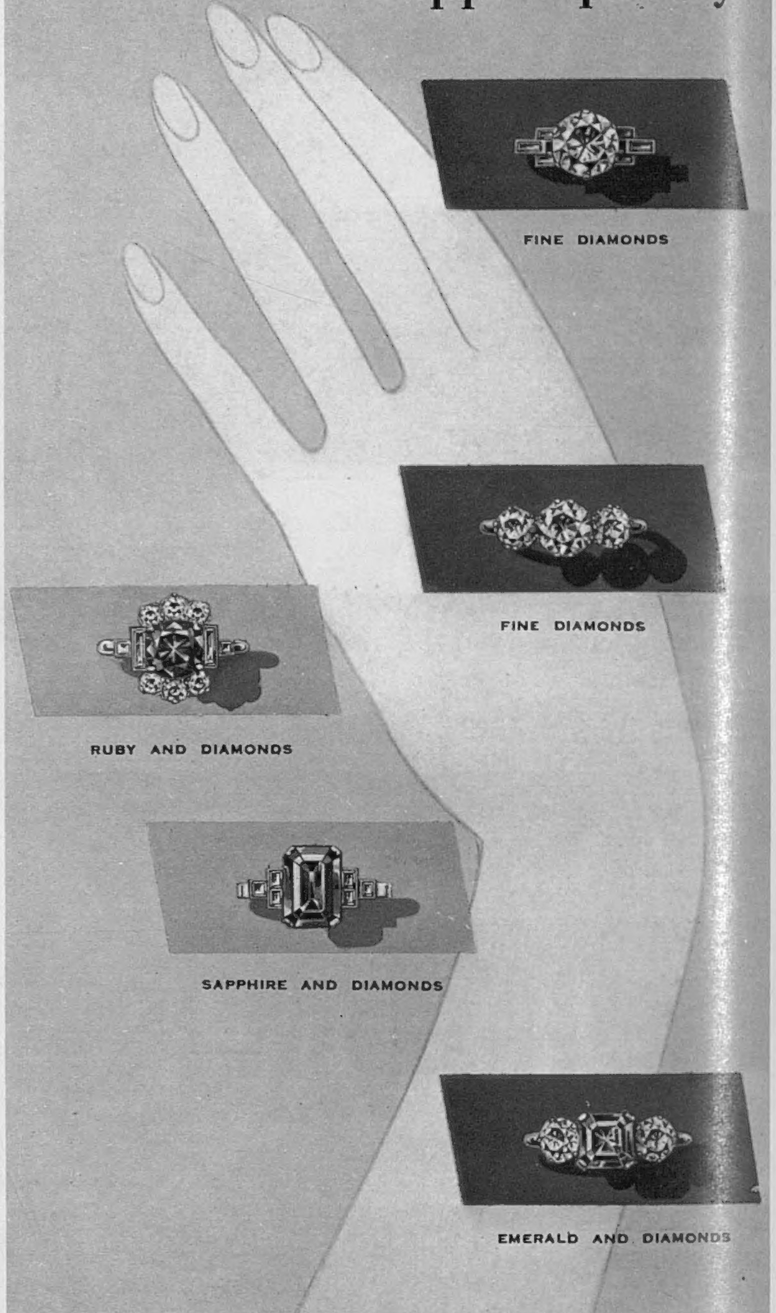

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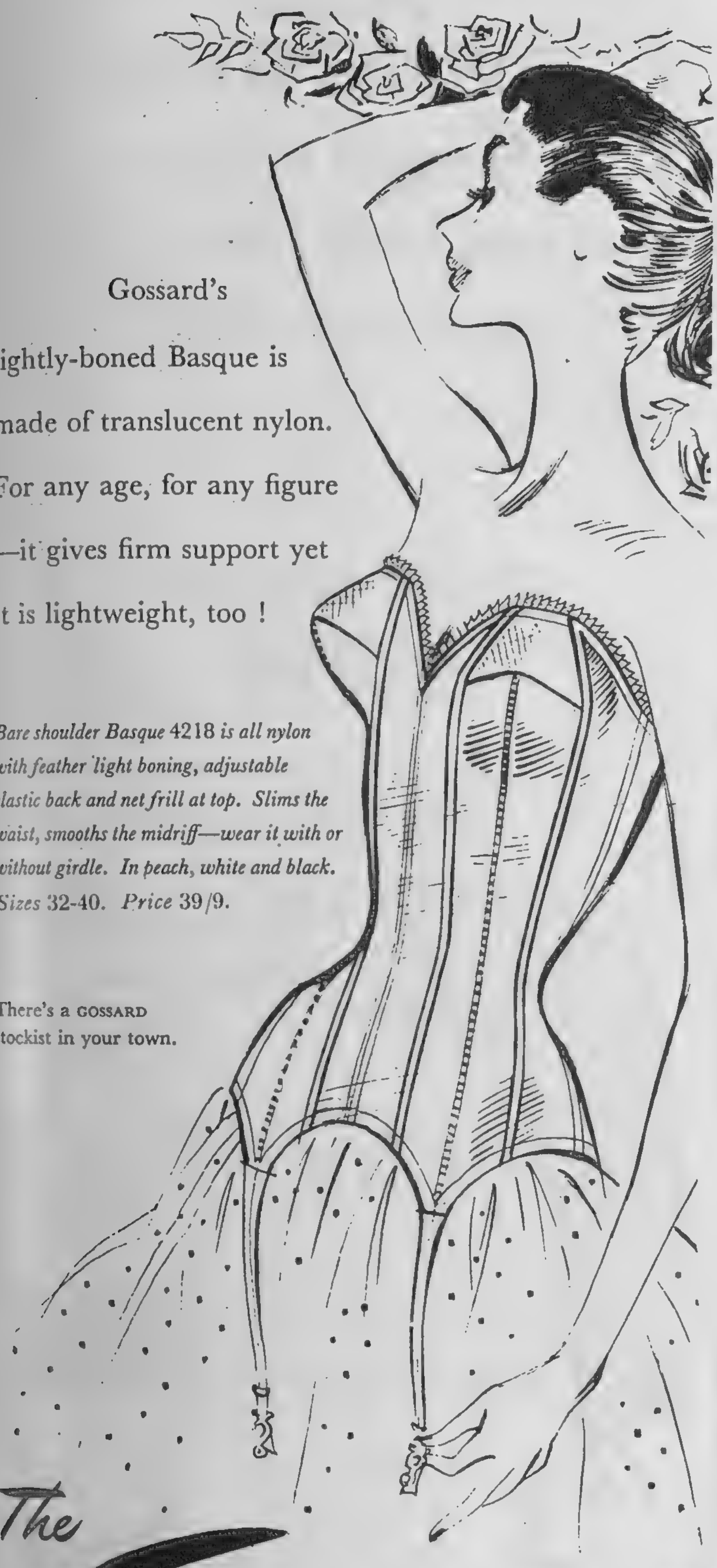

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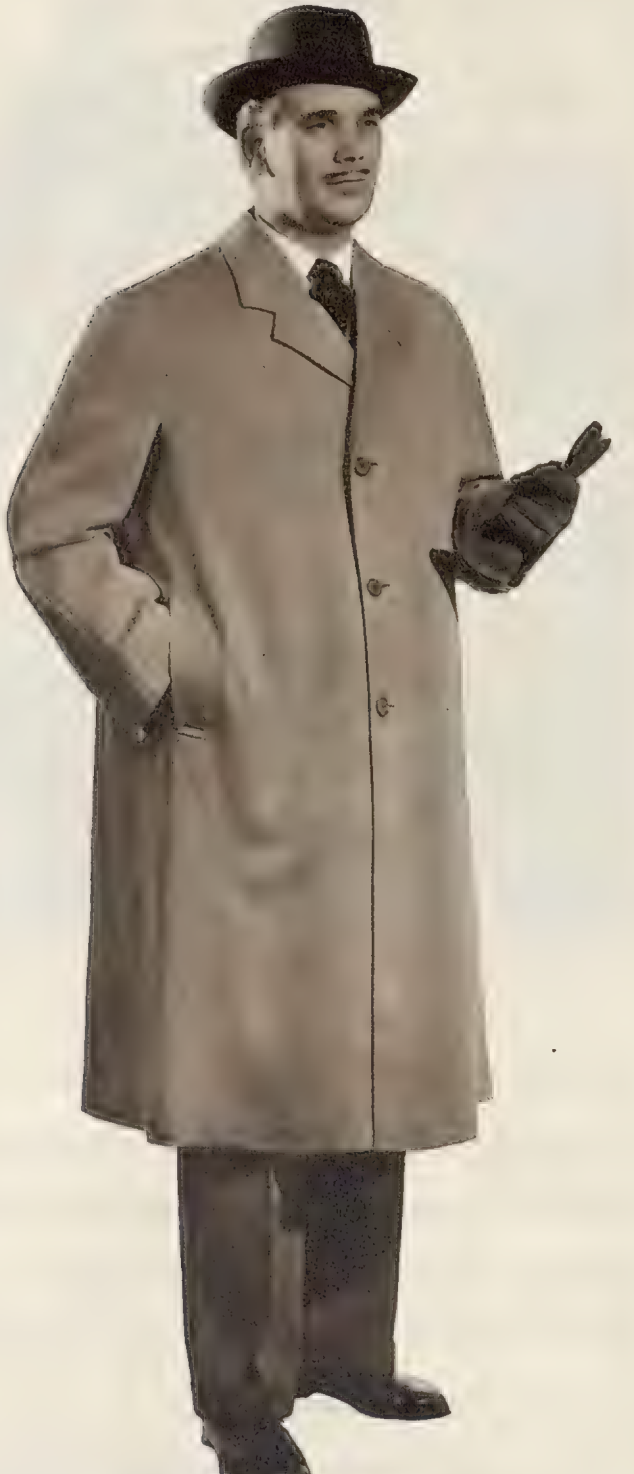

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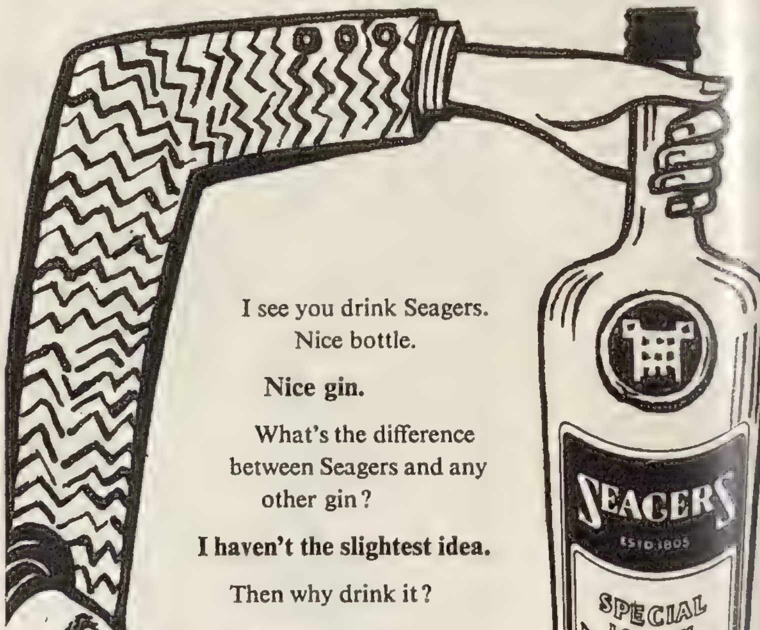

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"A numerous and splendid Court"

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI MOTOR CAR TYRE MANUFACTURERS

Gorgeous pageantry marked the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. Only a few weeks after his accession to the throne in April 1509 the young King married his first wife, Catherine of Aragon, at Greenwich. Then the royal pair removed " a numerous and splendid court to the Tower preparatory to their coronation." The processional way from the Tower to Westminster glowed with colour and movement . . ." streates where his grace should passe were hanged with tapesterie and clothe of arras, and the greate parte of the Southe side of Cheape with Clothe of golde, and some part of Cornhill ; and the streates railed and barred on the one side from over against Bred Streate in Chepside, where every occupation stode in their liveries in ordre, beginning with base and meane occupations and so ascending to the worshipful craftes. Highest and lastly, stode the maior, with the aldermen ; the goldsmithes stalles unto the ende of the Olde Chaunge being replenished with virgins in white, with braunches of white waxe . . ." Thus the young King and his bride made their royal way to the Great Hall of Westminster (via York Place, which twenty years later, the same King was to re-name " Whitehall ") to a coronation as magnificent as the taste and means of the State could render it.

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1953

Photographed by Vivienne.

LADY MARY BAILLIE-HAMILTON

A recent portrait of beautiful Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, whose engagement to Mr. Adrian Bailey, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Graham Bailey, of Lansdowne Crescent, Holland Park, was announced on October 7th. Lady Mary, who is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Haddington, was one of the Queen's Maids of Honour at the Coronation. The wedding is planned for July of next year.

ERICA KNIZA, VILMA KOSTKA and HEDDA KINDLER, three of the ballerinas with Grete Wiesenthal's world-famous Vienna Ballet Company, who are giving a two-weeks season at the Princes Theatre, ending on October 31st. The ballet is presented under the auspices of the Anglo-Austrian Music Society, of which the Earl and Countess of Harewood are patrons. Music for the dances, which include some lovely pieces by Mozart, Schubert and Johann Strauss, is played by the Viennese Ballet Orchestra under the baton of Isy Geiger.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

THE MOTOR SHOW, which will be opened to-day (October 21st) by the Duke of Edinburgh—and what more admirable opener than that modern and mechanically-minded Prince ?—is, I am told, to be bigger and better in every way than its predecessors. There is to be more floor space, more exhibitors, more cars, more new models. In fact, more of everything to attract those huge crowds which come to gawp at the cars which in the past they could not buy, and which to-day many of them cannot afford.

The Motor Show's beginnings fifty years ago—at the end of January 1903, at the Crystal Palace—were more modest. I see, however, from the contemporary issue of *The Sketch* that "Paxton's great crystal roof has looked down on many and varied Exhibitions since it sheltered a world's productions in 1851, but it is a question whether any class of exhibits it has previously protected has been fraught with such presage of change in the world's habits of road locomotion and goods transport as those to be seen here to-day." (My predecessor certainly had something there.) "From end to end," he went on, "stretch long lines of magnificently-produced, self-propelled vehicles, body-finished to the utmost of taste and comfort."

Not that there were not dangers in all this magnificence, however, for he felt impelled to give a warning that "unless motorists are properly clothed in cold weather, they run great risk of catching severe chill. The ordinary overcoat, no matter how thick, is no protection. The wind goes through it and the garments beneath it, as though they were sieves and strikes upon the rider's skin in a most dangerous and uncomfortable manner."

After describing the sort of overcoat which *would* keep out cold, he added: "Easy-fitting lace-up boots, Stohwasser leggings, and a leather rug will protect the motorist against any degree of cold. A deep-peaked form of Staff cap in cloth, with down-folding curtain to come well over the ears, with easy-fitting, well-lined gauntlet gloves will complete the anti-weather kit. Good goggles must be worn on fast cars. The impingement of the cold air on the cornea is a fruitful source of neuralgia."

Alas, I feel that the Duke of Edinburgh will look in vain for a single pair of "Stohwasser leggings" as he inspects the sleek products of a great modern industry to-day.

LORD DUNSANY, whom the Authors' Club have elected as their new president in succession to Sir Bannister Fletcher, will, I understand, make his first appearance at the Club in January, when he is going to speak on modern trends in literature. Most people, I imagine, think of him as a poet and an Irish peer. He has, however, left Dunsany in the charge of his son, and now lives in Kent, while I, for my part, will always be grateful to him for that most enchanting prose work, *My Talks with Dean Spanley*.

If you recall, Dean Spanley was a distinguished ecclesiastical gentleman, who was, like many of his cloth, an habitué of what is quite clearly, from the description, the Athenæum. The hero of the book discovers, quite by chance, that the Dean, when fed

just the right amount of Imperial Tokay on top of vintage port and a good dinner, can recall his previous incarnation as a dog. A misty look would come in his eye, and " 'I was a hell of a dog!' said the Dean."

Through this medium, Lord Dunsany has given us the most brilliant description of a dog's life I have read—beating Kipling's *Thy Servant a Dog* into a cocked hat. The description of the fight by the back door is enchanting, like the rabbit hunt, which runs, if I remember, something like this: "Rabbits have, as you know, been given a white tail to guide us by. . . . So away we went, over the hill—nice short grass, very pleasant to the feet, and fine air for shouting in. . . ." I wish Lord Dunsany could be induced to write a sequel.

I SUPPOSE if you had to find the quintessence of true aristocracy, you could not have done better than the Duke of Alba, whose charm, courtesy and culture made him beloved of everyone who knew him. I believe I am right in saying that he was the last candidate for the Marlborough Club—which was founded by King Edward VII. when he was not allowed to smoke in a particular room in White's—to be proposed by King Edward himself, and always used the Club on his frequent visits to London.

I was amused by the controversy as to whether he also used the title of Duke of Berwick, which was, to my mind, decisively settled by the fact that he used it on his Christmas-cards. His attractive daughter, who, like her father, has spent a large part of her life in England, inherits his vast collection of titles, including that of the two dukedoms.

It is curious that two leading Spanish dukedoms are at the moment held by the husbands of daughters of English and Irish descent. The other is the dukedom of Tetuan, which was inherited by the daughter of the O'Donnell. Her father, who was descendant of one of the Wild Geese, was Minister for War in one of Primo de Rivera's Governments, and a few years ago paid a visit to Dublin, where he was made much of by the Irish authorities. Unfortunately, he could speak no English, so his lack of comprehension of what was going on was not greatly decreased when Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, Eire's delightful President—"the only leprechaun in captivity," as the Irish wits describe him—addressed him in Irish!

BUSHY: by Hargrave

"Funny kind of beetle! D'you think it's edible?"

THE recent loyal attempts of an Indian umpire who refused to give Mr. Nehru out—Mr. Nehru said that he was "morally out," though, by all the laws of the M.C.C. I should have said he was actually out—reminds me of pre-war days of country-house cricket in Yorkshire. On one occasion, Sir Frederick Millbank, playing on his own ground at Barningham, walked out to a full toss, took a terrific swipe, and was so far out of his crease that he did not even bother to try and regain his ground. The wicket-keeper whipped off the bails, and appealed. The square-leg umpire, however, happened to be his butler, who turned his back resolutely on the pitch, and remarked: "I take no notice."

I always liked another story in exactly the opposite sense. As I understand it, fast bowlers tend to be lenient with each other, when, as is usual, they find themselves batting in the tail of the opposing team. On one occasion, however, a well-known bowler who stammered, and whose name, confound it! at the moment eludes me, came in last when Larwood was bowling. Larwood, however, happened to be anxious to get his hundredth wicket. The first ball whizzed past his opposite number's left ear, the second past his right ear, and the third one struck him on the glove, and was picked up on the half-volley in the slips. Whereupon the bowler-turned-unwilling-batsman made smartly off for the pavilion. "Hi!" shouted the fielders. "You are not out!" "Th-th-that 's what you d-damn-well th-think!" came the reply.

I SUPPOSE the average person associates a quail with the passage in the *Annie Get Your Gun* song about it being impossible to shoot a man "in the tail like a quail." In actual fact, there was a time when this excellent little game bird was fairly widespread in this country, and I am interested to hear of the experiment being made this year in Scotland by Archie Probart-Jones, who brought a number of quail eggs back from the States, and has successfully reared a fair proportion of them.

The quail, for a short distance, is one of the fastest birds living, and has the advantage that it will not stray from its home ground. It cannot be driven, as it only flies for a comparatively short distance at a time, but shot over dogs, American friends tell me, it is one of the most interesting game birds there is. Scotland—and fairly high ground at that—is perhaps almost too severe a testing-ground, but if Archie's quails survive this winter, his example might well be copied by others, and the quail re-established in, for example, East Anglia, which was once its haunt.

MR. JOHN L. GOULANDRIS, who, with his lovely sister Cassandra, will be joint hosts on the maiden voyage of the new Greek liner *Olympia*, was educated at Cambridge after the war, but during the war, the German occupation, and the post-war Communist revolution, was in Greece. He told me the other night a story—tragic or comic, according to the way in which you look at it.

It was the custom, while the six British tanks which did much to suppress the revolution rumbled about in Athens, for both sides to stop fighting until the dangerous monsters were past. On one occasion, the commander of the leading tank met an Athenian out shopping with a string bag. Leaning out of his turret, the tank commander asked if he spoke English. "Being a Greek," said John, "he, of course, said yes." The tank commander asked him the whereabouts of the local Communist headquarters. A conversation in English on the one hand, and in Greek on the other, entirely incomprehensible to both parties, then ensued. The Greek was at great pains to explain to the tank commander that, whatever he did to the Communist headquarters, he must not damage his house which was not far away. Finally, to make quite sure, he wrote the address and number of his house on a piece of paper, and gave it to the tank commander, who gratefully saluted him and rumbled off. When the Athenian returned from his shopping, the Communist headquarters was completely untouched—but the highest point of his house above the ground was about one foot.

ON a recent twenty-four-hour business trip to Dublin, I got behind schedule in my attempt to see about nineteen people in one day, and was late for a lunch date at the Russell. I leapt into a taxi not more than a quarter of a mile away, and said: "Would you run me up to the Russell, please—and I am twenty minutes late." To which the driver replied: "Ah, a good man is never late."

The Sunbeam-Talbot "90" Drophead Coupé has most pleasing lines. It can be quickly converted into a fully-closed and weatherproof car, or the hood can be used in the half-way position.

The M.G. T.F. *Midget* is the latest version of this famous make and shows the restyled body. This little British car is one of the most popular sellers in the North American market.

Some Aspects of the 1953 Motor Show

The Radford *Countryman* Sports Saloon on a Bentley chassis, magnificently equipped throughout. The rear portion affords exceptional luggage facilities.

THERE will be more than new models to provide unusual interest at Earls Court at the Motor Show which opens to-day (October 21st). True, there are many new models on show to the vast interested public, but behind them this time will be the spirit of competition.

Almost all the cars that were really post-war versions of pre-war machines have now gone, and we are truly up-to-date in every respect. The new models are exciting, but not in so far as they display anything new in general shape or line, for the basic outline, usually characteristic, has settled down and we have become used to it.

To pick out any one car as the hit of the Show is impossible; I suppose there might be several candidates, but we all have our favourites. The small cars will, doubtless, attract most visitors to Earls Court, and they have ample choice upon which to lavish their time. Standard's new little *Eight* is one that may well appeal to many, for it offers a neat compact car, with interesting new features at a very low price. The new Fords, always sure of a crowd, will do likewise; and how well Fords have enlarged their modern family with enough models to make final selection not an easy matter. That, by the way, is a feature to note. Instead of a simplification of choice, the range has been extended in many cases, and there are now more models available than ever before. Just how this great variety of models lines up with general price reductions I don't quite see, for large production of *one* model is surely the best way to lower prices.

However, who are we to grumble! Greater choice at generally lower prices is what the buyers ordered, and at last, buyers have come into their own. The Morris *Minor* Traveller's Car is another that will surely be popular, attractive as it is. I imagine Morris's experience with the larger *Oxford* Traveller's Car convinced them of the need for the *Minor* version, and they will be proved right, as usual. A name revived is the M.G. *Magnette*, a worthy bearer of the name making its bow on the M.G. stand. Interesting technically, and a good-looker, this *Magnette*, with the new type T.F. midget, give M.G.'s a high place in the interest stakes.

Just how many sports cars there are I hesitate to say, because the definition is, I fear, too loose for me! But look around. Austin-Healey, proudly carrying records;

The new Austin Seven A 30 two-door Saloon, one of the lowest-priced cars at the Show, powered by an 803 c.c. overhead-valve engine.

The new Ford *Anglia* two-door Saloon with a 1172 c.c. engine. The four-door model is the new *Prefect*. Both are in the low-price range.

The new 2½-litre Riley *Pathfinder*, which has a 4-cylinder engine and four-speed gear-box operated from the side of the driver—a notable revolt from the recently fashionable location on the steering column.

The Rover Saloon—identical on all three Rover models—the old "75," the new 4-cylinder "60" and 6-cylinder "90." Another make which has abolished steering column gear change and reverted to central control.

The Triumph Sports T.R.2 achieved great success some months ago on the Jabbeke Road, in Belgium, when it attained a speed of 125 m.p.h. The engine is based on that of the Standard *Vanguard.*

The Frazer-Nash Targa Florio sports model, so named because it was the winner of the famous road race of that name in 1951 on the only occasion when an English car was declared the winner.

A Survey by "The Sketch" Motoring Correspondent

WILLIAM HARTLEY

(Mr. Hartley will describe the Motor Show to Television viewers next Saturday, October 24th.)

Triumph Sports job, lowest priced among the type; fine new Morgan, bearing a name that has meant a good deal for a long time; Frazer-Nash, with a fine new coupé; Aston-Martin, flushed with racing victories this season; Le Mans winning Jaguars, almost the father of the type; these and others provide a fascinating collection for the sports car owner. And even Daimler now come along with a 100-miles-an-hour-and-over open sports job, with Bristol and Lagonda joining them in the more expensive group. There must be more over-the-100-m.p.h. cars than ever before. If only we had the roads for them! The Riley *Pathfinder,* a lovely low new car, truly in Riley tradition, will doubtless attract attention, and her width, combined with performance and obvious stability, make her a remarkable all-round car.

The Sunbeam *Alpine* and the "90," rally winners, will be sure of an admiring crowd, and understandably. The Rootes concern are never lagging, and their range of Hillman and Humber seems to fill most bills.

Of course, very nearly every new car has been announced prior to to-day, and thus Earls Court opens with few unveiling ceremonies. Manufacturers like to have their own burst of news, and recent weeks have been filled with announcements, building up to a climax this very month of October. And I am glad that in most cases announcements are not nowadays being made until the car is already in active production. That frustration is over and a good thing, too.

The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, who run the Show, have once more staged an exhibition to which the public will flock in vast numbers, and it seems that Earls Court itself is hardly large enough. Perhaps one day we shall see an overflow elsewhere. The accessories and component stands in the gallery are becoming more thronged than ever, and offer, in case you have never studied them, a fascinating show to any motorist.

Looking round at the cars displayed and seeking a trend, there is one deduction to be made. The makers have decided that the motoring public like comfort and not too much austerity, and that we are conservative, too, in such matters as the placing of the gear lever, now finding its way back to the floor. We are price conscious, too, and we like variety from which to choose. That is as it should be. Once again the customer is right!

The Jowett *Jupiter* R.4 is a new version of the *Jupiter* Sports, the engine being basically that originally designed for the Jowett *Javelin.*

The new Standard *Eight,* also low-priced, 4-cylinder, four-speed, four-door Saloon. An austerity model planned so that extra equipment can be added.

The Ford *Popular* Ten two-door, four-seater—the lowest-priced car in the Show—based on the original Ford *Anglia* but now with a 10-h.p. engine.

The 3-litre Lagonda Tickford Saloon, one of the few cars with independent suspension all round, the 6-cylinder overhead-valve engine being based on that of the Aston-Martin D.B.2, winner of many International racing events.

The Hillman *Minx* Californian Hard-Top with a two-door body—a compromise between a saloon and a coupé. The side windows wind right down and the wide rear window aids maximum visibility all round.

Flourishing their claymores, the rebel Highlanders rush into battle against the enemy, the English soldiers sent by George I. to put down the uprisings in the Scottish Highlands. Hugh the piper is in the forefront of the affray, urging them on.

With her Uncle Hamish (Finlay Currie) and Aunt Maggie (Marjorie Fielding), Rob's sweetheart, Helen Mary (Glynis Johns), watches the defeated Highlanders returning from battle, and looks in vain for their leader, Rob Roy, who has been captured by the Red Coats.

"Sketch" Cinema Preview

of the Royal Film Performance

"Rob Roy"

During the battle which ensues when Rob finds his home under attack by Killearn and his Fencibles, who are mistakenly convinced that Rob's mother knows his whereabouts, Lady Glengyll fires at one of the English soldiers.

"She can't endure this smoke much longer," says Helen Mary to Rob, anxious over his mother, who has been wounded by a bullet from a Red Coat's gun during the battle for Inversnaid House.

Meantime, the Duke of Argyll (James Robertson Justice ; *left*) has just offered to bring Rob Roy to London to answer for his rebellious behaviour. The King (Eric Pohlman) is impressed, but the Duke of Montrose (Michael Gough ; *centre*) ridicules the idea.

Up at Inversnaid, Helen Mary is saying bitterly to Rob and his men : "I honoured you once, but I do not honour you now." They have told her they plan to continue the war with the English, instead of coming to terms with them after capturing the Fort.

Rob escapes and returns to marry Helen Mary. In the midst of the wedding feast, Killearn and his men burst in with a warrant for the arrest of Rob, who tells his young bride to go with his mother, Lady Glengyll (Jean Taylor-Smith), to Inversnaid, as he is led away.

With his wrists tied and with Killearn (Geoffrey Keen) and a body of Red Coats keeping guard over him, Rob desperately seeks a way to escape. He is eventually successful, but when he reaches Inversnaid, he finds that his home is being ransacked by Killearn.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will attend the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, next Monday (October 26th) for the Royal Film Performance of Walt Disney's all-live Technicolor film, *Rob Roy*, in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund. Marchioness Townshend is chairman of the social committee organising the event.

With Hugh the piper (Russell Waters) standing in the bows and clansmen surrounding the body of Lady Glengyll, and Helen Mary and Rob Roy in the stern, the body is conveyed across the loch.

The Commandant of Inversnaid Fort (Hamilton Keen) is taken prisoner by Rob's lieutenant, Dugal (Archie Duncan), in the fight for the Fort which follows the attack on Inversnaid House, and the death of Lady Glengyll.

The King decides to send an army to quell the Highlanders, and to save the massacre that must follow, Rob Roy goes to London and gives himself up. The King is so impressed by his loyalty to his followers that he gives him a free pardon. Here, Helen Mary sees his return.

Safe together again, despite all their fears for Rob's execution, Helen Mary and Rob Roy know that their beloved clansmen can look forward to a peace between the two countries, the like of which had never before been known. Rob Roy and his Clan are truly free.

Our Bookshelf

SOLD FOR A FARTHING. By Clare Kipps. *(Frederick Muller ; 5s.)*

A KID FOR TWO FARTHINGS. By Wolf Mankowitz. *(Andre Deutsch ; 7s. 6d.)*

THE MAN WHO MADE WINE. By J. M. Scott. *(Hodder and Stoughton ; 7s. 6d.)*

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

A DELIGHTFUL story from our childhood, *A Flat-iron for a Farthing*, would add up to a nice round sum with two slender little volumes just published: *Sold for a Farthing* and *A Kid for Two Farthings*. Not that these are being patted on their heads and told in patronising tones that they will grow up one day; on the contrary, *Sold for a Farthing* is in a sense taller and greater than any novel, for it contains a whole life reduced to scale for our closer scrutiny; a sparrow's lifetime of twelve years, seven months and four days. A foundling, rescued and adopted under unique circumstances apt to be censoriously condemned as "cruel captivity," it grew up a happy, active and contented sparrow, a faithful companion to Mrs. Clare Kipps, his human biographer, who could hardly thus have shown the developing personality of a baby elephant, for instance, had she chosen one to share her home and her bed and take imaginary dust-baths through her hair; so her adoption of a small bird was fortuitous but perfect; Baron von Hügel once remarked that if he could really *know* a daisy, he would know all creation; and a quotation from C. S. Lewis, at the beginning of the book, says:

> "*More animals than you might expect are ready to adore man if they are given a reasonable opportunity.*"

Never again, after reading this enchanting record, could we endure to hear the usual derogatory adjectives applied: a greedy sparrow, a Cockney sparrow, a common house sparrow, for this astonishing little creature is truly a Just-so phenomenon, a bird of many parts: The Sparrow Who Learnt to Sing, The Sparrow Who Could Walk, The Sparrow Who Could Do Card Tricks, The Sparrow Who Became an Air-raid Shelter Entertainer; arousing an old lady's somewhat surprising comment: "He shows remarkable intelligence for a *cold-blooded* animal!" (The normal temperature of a sparrow, Mrs. Kipps informs us, is 110 degrees.)

His eccentricities and preferences are defined by one of his two illustrious sponsors, Dr. Julian Huxley (the other is Mr. Walter de la Mare), in language comically and, we suspect, deliberately unlike the pretty-pretty-pet style; speaking with a decorous lack of emotion of the little bird's instinctive behaviour-mechanics: "the transference to the unnatural parent-object seems to have been effective from an early age," he also mentions the absence of any reaction to its own reflection in a mirror (Oh, calm and excellent sparrow! Which of us could say the same?), and invites us to contemplate its nest fantasy (in its owner's bed), and a curious hair-pin fixation . . .

That somewhat disconcerting moment for Mrs. Kipps when she realised that her baby bird had grown up and was now a man about the house—

> "*I must do as I was told . . . give up moving furniture and other familiar landmarks from their accustomed places. He resented any change in his surroundings.*"

—inevitably led on to the heart-breaking old age and then the death of Clarence. A tiny morsel of tattered feathers, he yet was named on his tombstone: "The Famous and Beloved Sparrow"—an epitaph that did him proud.

FROM the New Testament to the Old: "One kid, one kid, which my father bought for two farthings," or two zuzim, for the title has its origin in a nursery rhyme customarily sung after the Passover celebrations; and Mr. Kandinsky, a trousers-maker in the basement of a house in the East End of London, used to sing it to six-year-old Joe, while working at his trousers and longing in vain for a steam trouser-presser. He told Joe many grave good things to feed and nourish an urchin's mind: "that the Elephant and Castle was the Infanta of Castile, a Spanish princess, that Moses was an Egyptian priest, that the Chinese invented fireworks, and that pregnant was going to have a baby." Among these down-to-earth considerations, Mr. Kandinsky's only fantasy concerned the long-ago flight of all the unicorns from England to Africa—hence their rarity in Fashion Street—and how every unicorn had a magic horn which could cure everything and grant anybody's wish straight off—" And this horn, consequently, was worth £10,000 cash on sight, anywhere in the world." For general purposes, however, Mr. Wolf Mankowitz uses a sort of pungent, effective brevity of phrase, a nice sense of the short cut, as when Mr. Kandinsky was arguing with a customer who wanted a zip fastener on his trousers—"*something to which Mr. Kandinsky could not agree*"—and no need to say more. An impressive sense of logic, too:

> "*Joe went to the market to buy a unicorn. That is so, Joe?*"
> *Joe nodded.*
> "*Consequently,*" *Mr. Kandinsky continued excitedly,* "*it follows that he wouldn't buy something that wasn't a unicorn. In which case, he bought a unicorn, which is what this is.*"

But every now and then, the author bursts forth into glorious, full-blooded passages to describe Joe at his favourite imagination games with his "unicorn," Africana—("Everybody needs a name, otherwise how can they know who they are?")

Somehow in the end, and without any visible magic, Mr. Kandinsky gets his second-hand steam trousers presser, and Shmule, his assistant, wins a great wrestling match in fine, sensational style and can afford to marry his girl, Sonia, and buy a partnership with Joe's mother; and though it seems unlikely that a pathetic little crippled goat was directly responsible for such colossal good fortune, Africana disappears, and only a gleaming gold sovereign for Joe is found by Mr. Kandinsky searching through the straw. "What has happened," said the latter, magnificently equal to any crisis (even when he has planned it himself)—

> "*What has happened is plain as my nose. . . . He's gone back to Africa like you said he should. But just to show it's nothing personal, he left this golden sovereign. . . . Unicorns can't grow in Fashion Street, but boys have to.*"

THE MAN WHO MADE WINE is in essence far more than an expert's hand-book for the connoisseur. Through Michel Rachelet, *Maître de Chai* of the Château La Tour-St. Vincent, we are shown in fascinating detail the miraculous transference of the grape to the vintage, through the eyes and soul of a man whose whole concern it has been for twenty-three years. In the first chapter he is due for honourable retirement; his *patron* gives a banquet for him, flowery speeches are made, toasts drunk. . . . Now the guests have gone, and he is left alone to think and remember. He felt too old and tired to visit his cellar . . . "but his good *chai* had come to him" in a long line of bottles down the table where he had been sitting:

> "*These bottles were what the Marquis had caused to be brought up from the* bibliothèque *or museum of the cellar, an example of every vintage of the past fifty-four years. . . . They looked something like telegraph poles along a road. . . . He wanted to travel back along that road.*"

By this device we get the whole of his personal life as it linked up with the history of each wine, its bouquet and taste, some noble, some disappointing. Gradually he rids himself of the bitterness that comes at the hour of retirement when a man still feels sturdy enough to go on, and has a natural dark mistrust of a young successor who is not his own son (R. C. Sherriff once wrote a novel on this same theme of retirement and unwanted leisure). Always Michel has been obsessed by a sense of his job's importance:

> "*Lord, I am in Your hands. It is Your storm, but I am responsible for this vineyard. I only mention that the sea is very close and hail would do no damage there.*"

His journey brings him finally to the startled discovery, more salutary than a sermon, that the greatest wine of all, the famous 1900, had slipped over the peak and was gently declining down the inevitable slope of the other side.

> "*The wine had finished its work in life. Whenever great wines were drunk, people would be reminded of it and would talk of it, praising it perhaps even more than it deserved. But such bottles as remained would be left untouched in their bin in the museum, fading gradually into water and mud. It was the same with him.*"

Mr. Scott's invention and handling of a touching postscript, the intrusion of a small boy who had stolen out in a night-shirt much too large for him, to pick an enormous bunch of grapes and eat them in bed, ends a little book in theme as tender, wise and original as *Sold for a Farthing*. Wine and sparrows—how can they help bringing their parables?

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

HANDS ACROSS THE CAVIAR.
By Charles Thayer. *(Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.)*

THE RIDDLE OF EMILY DICKENSON.
By Rebecca Patterson. *(Victor Gollancz ; 21s.)*

THE BRIGHTON MONSTER, and Other Stories.
By Gerald Kersh. *(William Heinemann ; 10s. 6d.)*

THE SONG OF THE SCAFFOLD.
By Gertrud von Le Fort. *(Sheed and Ward ; 6s.)*

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY.
By Ernest Gann. *(Hodder and Stoughton ; 12s. 6d.)*

COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN.
By John Sedondari. *(Eyre and Spottiswoode ; 12s. 6d.)*

Personality Parade—9

DR. J. MACALISTER BREW

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Jitendra Arya.

"Education and Training Adviser to the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs, Member of the Central Advisory Council for Education (England) and the Colonial Office and Social Welfare Committees, and Chairman of the Sub-Committee on the Child and Youth Welfare Committee." With such a formidable array of titles, the first meeting with the bearer of them always comes as a shock. For Dr. Macalister Brew is slight, quiet and softly-spoken and it is only when she gets on to her favourite themes—of psychology, adult and adolescent education, social and welfare work—that one sees the enormous vitality, detects the wonderful sense of fun, beneath the placid exterior. Young people respond amazingly to her: she talks to them "in their own language"—with humour, perception and a warm sympathy for their problems. Her tact is infinite, her energy prodigious. Much of her "free" time is spent in research, writing or lecturing. She is a very determined hider of lights under bushels—but just for a moment we wanted to turn the spotlight on this remarkable little person who so quietly does such a very big job.

E

The unhurried atmosphere of the cobble-stoned courtyard of the Rutland Arms.

The High Street and Warren Hill in the background.

The incoherent torrent of sound took shape and formed the name of the winner.

CANDID COMMENTARIES : By CREDENDUS

Newmarket

Sketches by Pamela Townsend

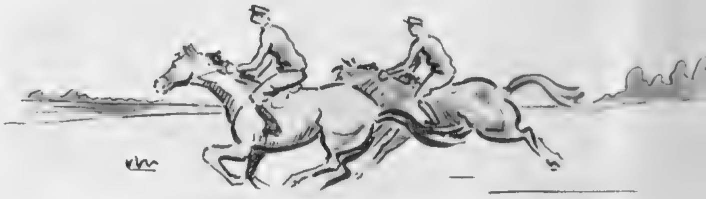
A VISIT to Newmarket is an experience in itself. The spirit of the stable is everywhere. I arrived before the Cesarewitch and found myself in a world of fetlocks, velvety muzzles, riding breeches and wisps of straw. Everyone talked about horses. Many owned horses. Gossip was informed. The town exuded a companionable atmosphere. I walked over the Lime Kilns before the world was awake. The brooding silence that marks the interlude between night and day was everywhere. The murmur of a distant clock reminded me of the chiming clock of Melton Mowbray. The stillness was further disturbed by the first drowsy notes of a thrush. And then—like the spirits of the Heath—a string of thoroughbreds with foam-flecked bits and rippling muscles emerged from the mists with smooth sweeping strides. Festoons of breath lingered in the keen air. The thud of hoofs grew faint, and the vision faded into the grey silence.

The racecourse was deserted. Birds were running over grass that would soon be thick with people. The white rails were oblivious to their significance. The empty stand looked unconcerned. Even the winning-post was unaware of the part it was to play. The fact that thousands of pounds would change hands because of its existence was of no consequence. The entire place was blissfully unconscious of its significance, and yet the very earth was larded with history. I thought of the relics preserved in the Jockey Club, the ultimate authority of the racing world. Such items as The Whip, with its wristband woven from hairs taken from the tail of *Eclipse*, the most famous horse the Turf has known; and the whip that doubtless helped Fred Archer to steer 2749 winners past the winning-post.

The Newmarket Sales were interesting. A circle of potential bidders watched with discerning eye as a stable-lad led a thoroughbred race-horse into the ring. The auctioneer cajoled the first bid. Catalogues were studied to confirm the claim to equine aristocratic blood. The bidding starts with the surreptitious raising of a hand. An impassive wink cancels it out. A grimace raises the price even further. The eventual home of the horse trembles in the balance until the sharp crack of a tiny hammer closes the deal in incisive fashion. The British bloodstock industry continues to flourish in spite of pessimists.

There was a democratic breeziness about the crowds on the Heath for the big race-day.

Those near the rails could hear the sound of thudding hoofs on yielding earth and clinking bits as the lord of the Turf, wide of nostril, went past with aristocratic grace. Somewhere in the far distance a long, slender line was taking shape. Thousands



Foam-flecked bits and rippling muscles.

The Jockey Club—the ultimate authority of the racing world.

A slender line of dainty-stepping thoroughbreds.

of tongues were silent. The tension was tangible. In a few minutes the name of the winner would be engraved out of uncertainty in the records. Then came the exciting moment when the bookmakers were silenced by the shout . . . "*They're off!*" It was a cry of expectancy that rose in crescendo as the line took shape. The Cesarewitch is a poor race to watch from the stands. So much happens out of sight, but eventually huddled jockeys come into view, resplendent in vivid colours, borne like a wave of silk against a background of thundering hoofs. The roar increased in volume as the horses came by the stands, until finally the incoherent torrent of sound took shape and formed the name of *Chantry*, the winner of the 1953 Cesarewitch.

The race-horse occupies pride of place in Newmarket, but I found other enthusiasms of equal intensity. The beginning of November marks the start of hunting and I was shown, in vision splendid, countless scenes that weeks ahead held . . . rolling grasslands of the shires . . . stiff hedges of blackthorn . . . the Quorn in Leicestershire, the Belvoir in Rutland, the Fitzwilliam in Huntingdon, country that has known generations of hounds. There are few more stirring sights than to see hounds moving over the fields like cloud shadows . . . a spate of tan and black and white . . . running for blood: a yellowish-red object a few fields ahead: the horses and the men: a shower of mud and turf from flying hoofs: the haunting note of the horn: rising crescendo of hound-clamour: then—silence. Since Elizabethan times such scenes have been part of our countryside.

In Newmarket the past seems strangely near. A ploughman and his team moved black against the horizon. The flashes of white were either gulls or lapwings. The smell of the earth was warm.

Fetlocks . . . velvety muzzles . . . and wisps of straw.

Newmarket Sales—the Christie's of the Turf.

L'ORCHESTRE. By Raoul Dufy. (*Pochoir,* 12 gns.)
Redfern Gallery, Burlington Gardens, W.1. Until October 31st.

TRIO. By L. S. Lowry. (£150.)
The Lefevre Gallery, Bruton Street, W.1. Until October 24

CONSTANT LAMBERT. By Michael Ayrton. (120 gns.) Redfern Gallery, Burlington Gardens, W.1. Until October 31st.

Right :
PAYSAGE. By Bellini. (£120.) Ohana Gallery, Grosvenor Square, W.1. Until October 31st.

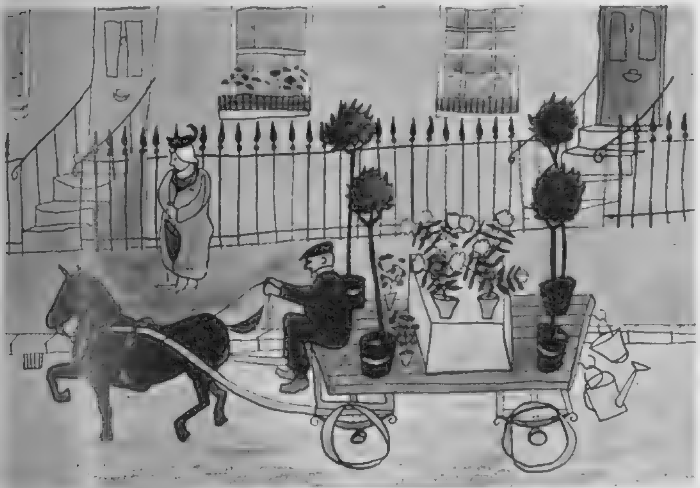
Left :
EAST ANGLIAN VILLAGE. By Rowland Suddaby. (18 gns.) Kensington Art Gallery, Kensington High Street, W.14.

Right :
THE CHINESE GIRL. By C. F. Johnson. (8 gns.) Kensington Art Gallery.

From the Art Galleries

CHERTSEY ROAD, TWICKENHAM. By Philip Poyser.
(Owned by Mr. Michael Powell.) Kensington Art Gallery.

BALLERINA. By Derek Middleton. (12 gns.)
Kensington Art Gallery.



THE FLOWER CART. By Bernard Carter. (Owned by Mr. Richard Walker.) Kensington Art Gallery.

GLYNDEBOURNE. By Halina Korn. (50 gns.)
Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Street, W.1.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Siam and the Catskills

The King and I

(*Drury Lane*)

I HOPE no one will hold seriously that, in *The King and I*, Oscar Hammerstein and Richard Rodgers have insulted Siam and Buddhism, or that this thing and the other never happened, or, perhaps, that the play makes free with the street-plan of Bangkok. The piece, for long an excitement of New York, is based upon Margaret Landon's *Anna and the King of Siam*; we know that Anna Leonowens was a real personage. At the same time, I doubt whether anyone who goes to Drury Lane will treat this as more veracious than any other musical romance. It is a charming tale of the impact of West upon East, of the King anxious not to be a "barbarian," and of the white woman, his children's governess—there are more than sixty children—who helps to bring the ways of the West to Siam.

It is all very gently done, with now and then an almost Gilbertian flick—the King's song, "A Puzzlement," for example—and there is a ballet, *The Small House of Uncle Thomas*, delightful in its naïveté. I have never been violently attached to Eliza and Eva, Topsy, Simon Legree, Uncle Tom, and the other familiars of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But I have enjoyed meeting them at the Lane, where we see them through what the authors and the choreographer, Jerome Robbins, claim to be the Siamese imagination of the 1860's. I hardly think that, at this stage, Thailand is likely to take offence at so amiable a diversion as this in which Eliza, pursued by Simon of Legree, King of Kentucky, is saved by Divine intervention: Buddha causes the river to be frozen for Eliza to cross, and then to be melted again so that King Simon and his blood-hounds are left in helpless wrath.

This mime, complete with death and apotheosis of Little Eva, is fitted neatly into a sub-plot; but there is no very strong narrative in *The King and I*. It is what its title says, a play about Anna's influence on the King; she has come to Siam as a governess, but she seems to "double" this with the rôle of Honorary Adviser on Diplomatic and Cultural Relations. Much of the evening is occupied by an agreeable variety of coming-and-going in Jo Mielziner's sets—of a city as remote as Xanadu—and by a succession of melodies fitted to the mood of the night in their easy grace. The one fierce passage is the scene of prevented flogging: that is like a fire that burns up suddenly and dies again.

Valerie Hobson is the Anna; she acts with a gentle dignity from her first appearance ("I whistle a happy tune") as she prepares to penetrate the mysteries of Bangkok, to her last moments at the deathbed of the King. More accomplished as actress than singer, she never loses our sympathy. And we are happy with Herbert Lom as the ardent, humourless monarch who may be less like Anna's despotic King of Siam than some "noble savage." Again, why worry? This Siam is as far off from us as the Atlantis that E. Nesbit's children found when they passed through the Amulet. To enter Drury Lane now is to pass through the Amulet. One should take it in that spirit and accept *The King and I*—produced by the dramatist, John van Druten—as a better piece of make-believe than either *South Pacific* or *Carousel*. Doreen Duke, Muriel Smith and Thomas Hare look after the more serious singing; and on the great Drury Lane stage the personages of Siam are always forming and re-forming pictures that, in the mind, still flash and glow and shine. And I cannot remember ever having seen a more likeable lot of stage children than the Princes and Princesses of the Royal Bangkok Academy.

Next Saturday (October 24th) Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap* celebrates its 380th performance at the Ambassadors Theatre and becomes the longest-running straight play in the forty years' history of this playhouse. It also holds the theatre's box-office record for both daily and weekly gross takings for any presentation there. *The Mousetrap*, which was specially written as a radio play for her late Majesty Queen Mary's eightieth birthday, stars Richard Attenborough (*left*) as Detective-Sergeant Trotter of the C.I.D. The subjects of his interrogation here are Jean Harvey, Allan McClelland and Aubrey Dexter.

Wish You Were Here

(*London Casino*)

WELL, do I? I am not sure. Would my friends thank me if I wished that they were here, the wish was granted, and they were plumped down in the London Casino? All would depend, of course, upon their tastes. They would like the play—a musical comedy from America—very much if they liked the idea of "Camp Karefree, a holiday camp 'where friendships are formed to last a whole lifetime through.'" This is in "the heart of Vacationland," which seems to be under the Catskills (or ought I to say Katskills?) It is the sort of place in which Girls are always meeting Boys: the plot becomes so dire that one searches about for other diversions. One of these diversions is a swimming-pool on the stage, where the noisy youth of Camp Karefree can splash and puff in the greenish water, and various people, for reasons of the plot, are pushed in with agreeable results.

The music is the best part of the entertainment. Harold Rome has hit upon a tune occasionally, and nobody can deny the enthusiasm with which the tunes are sung. Such players as Bruce Trent, Shani Wallis, Elizabeth Larner, Dickie Henderson and Christopher Hewett go into the fight with courage; and occasionally—as in "Wish You Were Here," sung by Mr. Hewett and Miss Larner, and "Where Does the Night Go?" (though not in its "be-bop" version)—their courage is rewarded.

I wish it were rewarded more often. As it is, the needless exclamation mark in "A New Musical Comedy!" on the front page of the programme may be justified. But there is always the swimming-pool; there is Mr. Hewett's slick suavity, and there is Miss Wallis with her burning enthusiasm. (And did I mention the swimming-pool

Birthday Honours

(*Criterion*)

PAUL JONES (on with the dance) has written a light comedy that, one day, will be the toast of amateur societies who need a play with four women, two men and a single set. But it is this economy that worries some of us. Although Mr. Jones has a way with a line, we do tire a little of the same six characters playing ring-o'-roses in the same room. Towards the middle of the second act we wished that the comedy would open out; that the dramatist would bring up his reserves. Unfortunately, he had no reserves to bring, not even a Mrs. Guzzard from Teddington.

Still, there have been less amusing comedies. Mr. Jones has at least three actable characters. As the too-bland husband beaming on his wayward wife, Hugh Latimer under-states charmingly; Jean St. Clair is, so to speak, a kind of suppressed-tomboy Cinderella (how she must have tossed about the ashes!); and, at regular intervals, David Stoll gets some of the laughs of the evening by fixing Mr. Latimer with a glassily indignant stare and rapping out, "Look here, Bestwood——!"

The other three, and less satisfying, parts, wayward wife (Moira Lister), dithering mother (Marian Spencer) and agreeable secretary (Beryl Baxter), are acted so well, against odds, that we wish—it seems to be a favourite word this week—that Mr. Jones had had another long look at his comedy and developed it with more theatrical invention.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

"YOUR TINY FOOT LOOKS FROZEN . . .

. . . let me warm it into life!" Or so Peter Darrell seems to be saying while his lady-love, Hermione Harvey, accepts his ministrations with utter boredom. These two young dancers—Miss Harvey is twenty-two, Mr. Darrell twenty-four—decided to join up in a double act earlier this year, and have been thoroughly successful in their venture. Both have been members of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet and Miss Harvey has done film and television work, while Mr. Darrell has specialised in ballet choreography. They will be at the *Carousel* for two weeks from next Monday (October 26th).

OSBERT SITWELL.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS.

PAUL SCOFIELD.

AUGUSTUS JOHN.

"Persona Grata"

NANCY MITFORD.

MARGOT FONTEYN.

There is energy, elegance, wit, craftsmanship and a dash of the unpredictable in the treatment of the personal portrait gallery of notable people which forms the recently-published book by Cecil Beaton and Kenneth Tynan, *Persona Grata* (Wingate ; 21s.). Their system of selection was simple : the subjects are people the authors themselves admire—and Mr. Beaton's camera and Mr. Tynan's pen have ranged widely. Bud Flanagan rubs shoulders with Rebecca West, Sophie Tucker with Augustus John, Graham Greene with Claire Bloom, Greta Garbo with Somerset Maugham, Sugar Ray Robinson with Mme. Collette, and so on. The candid eye of the camera catches the Lunts from behind, Picasso from the side—and Beatrice Lillie from a variety of angles. It is a unique book about unique people.

BARBARA BEL GEDDES

JEAN LOUIS BARRAULT and MADELEINE RENAUD.

The bride and groom after the ceremony. The bridal gown was fashioned from white-ribbed silk poult and had a short train : a long tulle veil was held in place by a beautiful diamond tiara lent to the bride by Lady Spens.

Police-Sergeant T. E. Cowen from Malton stoops for a quiet word with Master Nicholas Howard, the bride's young nephew.

Mr. George Howard and Miss Christine Howard, brother and sister of the bride, chatting together during the reception.

Wedding at Castle Howard

The private chapel at Castle Howard, York, was the scene of the wedding, on October 3rd, of Miss Katharine Howard, daughter of the late Hon. Geoffrey Howard and Mrs. Howard, to Mr. Stephen Spens, son of Sir Will and Lady Spens. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. George Howard, of Castle Howard, who gave the wedding reception at the castle. Mr. Henry Bellingham was best man, and the bride was attended by five children : the Hon. Jane and the Hon. George Howard, her cousins, Master Henry Howard, her nephew, and Miss Sarah Jane and Master John Behrens.

Photographed by A. V. Swaebe.

The bride with three of her young attendants, Master John Behrens, the Hon. Jane Howard, daughter of Viscount Morpeth, and Miss Sarah Jane Behrens.

The Duchess of Kent in Lancashire

Princess Alexandra displays great interest in the intricacies of a Swiss knotting machine operated by Mr. Cyril Morehouse (*foreground*), at the Valley Mills of James Nelson Ltd., at Nelson, Lancashire.

A proud moment for nineteen-year-old Eveline Massey, as the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra stop to watch her at her task of testing filaments on the first day of their two-day tour of Lancashire.

Watched by her mother, Princess Alexandra makes a dyeing test during a visit to a fabric printworks at Accrington.

The Duchess of Kent talks with a young Malay student at the Malayan Teachers' Training College at Kirkby, Liverpool.

At the C.P.A. Broad Oak Print Works at Accrington, sixty-five-year-old John McGregor shows the Royal visitor his engravings.

The Princess and her mother don aprons to hand-print handkerchiefs as souvenirs of their visit to a fabric printworks at Accrington. The Duchess of Kent is renowned for the deep interest she always displays on visits of this kind, and Princess Alexandra delighted everyone by showing an obviously equal enthusiasm for everything she saw.

An echo of the great service the Duchess of Kent did to the cotton industry when she took a full cotton wardrobe with her to Malaya last year, was the two-day visit to Lancashire of Her Royal Highness on October 13th and 14th. Accompanied by her daughter, Princess Alexandra, she visited cotton mills in East Lancashire, Chorley and Bolton, and the Cotton Board's colour, design and style centre and the industry's research establishment in Manchester, at the invitation of the Cotton Board. Bright spot of the first day of the visit was the sight of colourful saris worn by Malayan student teachers at a training college at Kirkby, near Liverpool. In visiting the college, Her Royal Highness was fulfilling a promise made during her tour of Malaya.

SEPTEMBER 17th.—ENGAGEMENT. Miss Geraldine Tomalin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Tomalin, announced her engagement to Mr. John Prentice, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Prentice.

OCTOBER 3rd.—SMILING BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AT ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NEWTON LINFORD. This happy picture was taken after the marriage of Dr. Peter Francis Plumley, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Plumley, of Newport, Monmouthshire, and his bride, Dina Mary, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. Selby, of Markfield, Leicestershire.

OCTOBER 8th.—AT ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS. The Hon. Nicholas Beaumont, third son of Viscount and Viscountess Allendale, married Miss Jane Wallace, daughter of Mr. A. Wallace and the late Mrs. Wallace.

OCTOBER 8th.—HISTORIC VICTORY. Miss Betty Richards, daughter of Cliff Richards and niece of Sir Gordon Richards, is seen with her father after winning the Newmarket Town Plate for the third time in succession.

OCTOBER 9th.—DIAMOND TIARA. A diamond tiara lent by the bridegroom's mother was worn by Miss Rachael Hedley when she married Lord Ellenborough at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

I LEFT London on Monday morning (October 5th) for Yorkshire on an all-too-brief visit to the Leeds Triennial Musical Festival, which opened last Saturday, and then on for the racing at York on Wednesday (October 7th).

On Monday evening we drove into Leeds to the Town Hall, where the concerts were held and which was magnificently floodlit for the occasion. A wonderful programme of music was being given and the evening's concert, consisting of Mozart's *Coronation Mass* and Mahler's *Second Symphony*, was most beautifully conducted by Mr. Josef Krips. The Princess Royal, one of the Festival's distinguished patrons, was present, and amongst those who accompanied her were Mr. Goodhart-Rendel, Mr. Benjamin Britten and Mr. Peter Pears, all of whom were staying as guests of H.R.H. for the Festival. Others in the audience were Mr. Vaughan Williams, Mr. Edward Renton and Lord Savile, who had Lord and Lady Dormer staying with him. Afterwards, Lord Savile gave a supper party which included Sir Malcolm Sargent, who was up there to conduct several of the concerts, Lieut.-Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Lane-Fox, the Hon. Anne Bridgeman, Miss Christian Howard and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jarvis.

The following day (October 6th) we spent in the glorious pursuit of leisure, and then into Leeds for the evening's concert of *The Apostles*, by Elgar. This was conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent who, in a short speech, paid a charming tribute to the late Sir Arnold Bax (Master of the Queen's Musick), and at his suggestion the audience stood in silence for some moments at the end of the first half of the concert. The Princess Royal was again present, and was accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Francis Balfour and Mr. Goodhart-Rendel.

Wednesday (October 7th) was rather a dull morning as regards weather, but just as we set off for York races, the sun came out, and the afternoon's racing took place under ideal conditions. It was my first visit to this charming course, and the catering executives at some of our southern courses might well try to emulate the most excellent luncheon provided there. Among the many people racing I noticed the Earl and Countess of Feversham, the latter looking charming in a blue suit with a small red hat, who were talking to Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dunne. On my way to the paddock I saw Lady Elizabeth Lumley, very neat in a dark grey suit and an enchanting pale pink velvet cap. Lady Barber, whose husband, Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin Barber, is G.O.C. Scottish Command, was down on a

OCTOBER 5th.—EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION AT NEW BARNET. The Hon. Mrs. Bowes-Lyon inspects the kitchen of a bungalow, designed and furnished by children of the John Hampden School, to train Senior Girls in Housecraft. With Mrs. Bowes-Lyon are Mr. Ronald Bell, chairman of the Board of Governors, and Dorothy Rockall, one of the pupils.

OCTOBER 6th.—CZECHOSLOVAKIAN CELEBRATION. Mrs. Nass, wife of the Dutch Air Attaché, is seen here with Group-Captain Bayne at a party given at the Czechoslovakian Embassy by the Military Attaché to celebrate his country's Armed Forces Day.

OCTOBER 11th.—TENNIS VICTORY. Mr. Adrian Bailey, whose engagement to Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton was announced on October 7th, succeeded in winning both the men's singles and doubles in his firm's tennis finals. *Left : l. to r.*, Mrs. Graham Bailey, mother of Mr. Adrian Bailey, his younger brother Mr. David Bailey, Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, Mr. Adrian Bailey, and his father, Mr. Graham Bailey. *Right :* Mr. Charles Birch, who was defeated in the final men's singles, is seen talking to the newly-engaged couple.

brief visit from Edinburgh and was accompanied by her sister-in-law, Lady Milburn. Two of the prettiest girls there were Miss Rose Lycett-Green and Miss Virginia Cayley. I also saw Major and Mrs. John Cookson, whose horse *Comatose* was placed third in the last race, and the Marquess of Zetland, who suffered a disappointment when his filly *Gay Florentine* was beaten in the first race by Miss Dorothy Paget's *Good Deed*.

My visit all too quickly ended on Thursday morning, and although I felt sad at missing the remainder of the Leeds Festival and a further day's racing at York, I am a true Londoner, and always return with a joyous sense of homecoming. And a gentle " Boo " to all those superior beings who say : " Oh ! How I should *hate* to live in London ! "

Incidentally, while in the north, friends remarked what a delightful portrait it was of Mrs. Minette-Lucas that we published in *The Sketch* for September 23rd, but told me that her husband, Mr. R. P. Minette-Lucas, has, in fact, resigned his commission in the Grenadier Guards.

On my return I found an invitation to the Annual Y.W.C.A. Christmas Fair, which is to take place at the Hyde Park Hotel on Wednesday, November 4th. This fair, which rejoices in the enchanting title of *House-proud Hannah*, needs no introduction to the excellent cause which it serves, and has Doreen Marchioness of Linlithgow as President. The Fair is to be opened at two o'clock by Sir John Slessor, and it is very much hoped that H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester may be able to attend during the afternoon.

Everyone at Ascot on Saturday (October 10th) was delighted when the Queen's colt *Aureole* readily won the Cumberland Lodge Stakes, and as he passed the winning-post I saw many people look up instinctively at the Royal Box, obviously wishing that Her Majesty herself might have been present to receive and acknowledge their loyal cheers. All the regular racegoers and many others came to see this race and enjoy the rest of the afternoon's programme and autumn sunshine. In the refreshment tent at the back of the stand I saw Lord Manton with his wife, who must surely be one of the loveliest and best-dressed amongst our women racegoers, Lord Pender, who had his eldest son, the Hon. John Denison-Pender with him, Mr. and Mrs. John Hislop, the Hon. William and Mrs. McGowan, Lady Pulbrook, and Mrs. Enid Cameron looking very smart all in brown. Doreen Marchioness of Linlithgow was sitting in one of the stands with Sir Henry Craik, the Earl and Countess of Sefton, Sir Eric Miéville, the Hon. Harry Cubitt, who was escorting his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Bruce Shand, and Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley were amongst the many others present.

Many members of the " 400 " Club were amused to receive a letter recently admonishing them for poor attendance, but looking in one evening this week I found this popular night club as crowded as ever with members of both, or, should I say, all generations. A party of young people there included those two very pretty and popular girls, Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham and Miss Caroline Clive, Sir Thomas Pilkington, Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, and Mr. Ian Cameron, who was also celebrating his coming-of-age.

SHIRLEY BY CANDLELIGHT

Lovely honey-blonde Shirley Burniston plays one of the girls of the harem in the J. Arthur Rank Technicolor film, *You Know What Sailors Are*, to be released shortly. She has appeared in Television and in three other films and, as a model, in practically every national newspaper and magazine. *You Know What Sailors Are* is a romantic comedy set in England and the Middle East, produced by Peter Rogers, who wrote the screen-play, and directed at Pinewood by Ken Annakin.

EVE BOSWELL.
South African crooner.

JACK WARNER.
Film and radio star.

VIVIAN BLAINE.
American star of *Guys and Dolls*.

TOMMY COOPER.
Comedy-conjurer.

ANNE SHELTON.
Variety and radio star.

DÉBUT BEFORE ROYALTY

Variety in the choice of artists selected to appear in the Royal Variety Performance this year has been well taken care of, and will preclude the criticism of "sameness" levelled at the show in recent years. Pictured here are some of the stars who will shine on this very proud occasion. None of them have appeared before at a Royal Command Performance, and all look forward to making their bows before the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the London Coliseum on November 2nd.

LIZBETH WEBB.
Musical comedy star.

JO, JAC AND JONI.
Eccentric comedy trio.

SHEILA O'NEILL.
Dancing star of *Paint Your Wagon*.

ALFRED MARKS.
Stage and Radio comedian.

GLORIA NORD.
Norwegian skating star.

SAM LEVENE.
With the "Guys" in the Mission Scene from *Guys and Dolls*

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AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

A Violent Piece of Special Pleading

Are We All Murderers?

(Curzon)

"ARE we all murderers?" asks the English title cautiously. "Nous Sommes Tous Des Assassins," stated the French title roundly. The assertion is the proper one. This is not a film that asks questions or poses problems; it is a violent piece of special pleading in a strongly-felt case. The director, André Cayatte, was himself a lawyer, and his training has led him to treat the cinema as in some sense a court-room. He makes his indictment of capital punishment by the simple but effective method of showing us the beastly ritual of the condemned cell in its most barbaric form.

We can only take M. Cayatte's word for it that in French prisons—at least in the crowded season after the war—the condemned men are herded together, constantly shackled, and afraid to sleep lest this should be the night when the warders will come stealthily in stockinged feet to drag the next victim off to the guillotine.

This is the emotional argument. The theoretical argument is that the four condemned men with whom the film deals—a man driven to crime by poverty, a maniac trained to kill in the war, a doctor who protests his innocence, and a Corsican proudly upholding the traditions of the vendetta—are all forced to become murderers by society or circumstance. Their own brutal execution, M. Cayatte argues, will do nothing to prevent a recurrence of the crime.

The impact of the film is very great, and the acting, by Marcel Mouloudji, Antoine Balpetre, Georges Poujouly, and others, is magnificent. In no sense can it be regarded as entertainment, and even though the British censor has made a few cuts, it remains a grim experience.

Albert, R.N.

(Odeon, Marble Arch)

"*ALBERT, R.N,*" is the latest exhibit in the fashionable series of television plays which have been turned into stage plays and pictures. It was a good job on television, and is possibly a slightly better job as a film, although the film camera necessarily loses much of its advantage over a live medium, when the scene is confined within the barbed-wire of a prison camp.

Albert, R.N., was written by journalist Guy Morgan, who has had his own experiences as a prisoner of war. Like all the best escape stories, it is tense, improbable but true. A group of captured naval officers make a dummy which can be smuggled out when they leave the camp to visit a bath-house outside the perimeter; dressed in naval uniform, and supported between two prisoners when they march back in. The German guards count the dummy in at parades long enough to enable one of the real officers to hide in the bath-house and make his escape.

The cast includes Anthony Steel, Jack Warner, Robert Beatty and William Sylvester, who are asked to do little more than give straightforward performances.

Dangerous When Wet

(Released shortly)

WET or dry, Esther Williams is always a simple pleasure to encounter on the screen, and the only puzzle about her new film is why nobody before has had the idea of asking her to swim the Channel. Though she enters the sea on the French side rather lightly greased, and already tired from a heavy night in the local swimming-pool, she makes her way through the relentless fogs of the English Channel to drag herself to victory among the cheering Scottish fishermen who apparently inhabit the coast of Kent.

In spite of the dubious dialect and locale, the race is really quite exciting; though I felt that William Demerest (as Miss Williams's father) and Fernando Lamas (as her lover) were a trifle hard on the poor girl in making her go on through all those huge waves and that thick fog, in imminent danger of total collapse from exhaustion, simply because they wanted the prize-money to buy a new bull for the old farm back in Arkansas.

The film has some pleasant tunes, and a long—rather too long—dream sequence in which Miss Williams swims with the cartoon characters, Tom and Jerry. (Echoes of the puppets in "Lili"?) There is also a plot of sorts, involving a scheme of Jack Carson's to persuade an entire mid-Western family to attempt the Channel swim as an advertising stunt. But first and foremost there is Esther Williams, wet, dry and always photogenic, slipping in and out of the water with the glamour of a cover-girl and the grace of a young seal.

Background

(Leicester Square)

"HOW do you spell 'alimony'?" asks the youngest child in the first five minutes of *Background*, just so that we shall not miss the point of the picture. The point is that a use has been found for three excellent child-actors—Janette Scott, Jeremy Spenser, and Mandy Miller (the little girl who gave such a remarkable performance as the deaf heroine of *Mandy*). It is not their fault if they are forced to put the touch of life into one of the most stereotyped and improbable of English domestic dramas.

Their adult support includes Philip Friend, as a rising young barrister, and Valerie Hobson, as the wife with whom he quarrels. Knowing that "Uncle" Bill (in the long-suffering person of Norman Wooland) is only too willing to marry the lady they arrange a highly civilised divorce, much to the heavy Teutonic distress of the old nurse, who is a feature of the household.

She is unable to dissuade them, but more important considerations intervene. A divorce is bad for a barrister's career; a divorce is very bad for The Children. The younger daughter forgets all about alimony and is heartbroken; the elder daughter cunningly plays Daddy off against Uncle Bill to get bigger presents out of each of them; but the boy, perceiving the need for action, runs away from school and shoots Uncle Bill in the back with his little rifle. This proves too much for a collection of adults not hitherto noted for their sense or sensibility; and after bandaging Uncle Bill's wounds, they decide to try again, while the children run out on to a sunlit lawn to play with their doggy friends.

People Who Matter

MR. WILLIAM J. BRITTAIN

(Editor, "The Recorder")

IN sight of a miraculously cloudless sky over Farringdon Street, a small, slim, smiling man, with inconspicuous shoulders and plainly cut dark suit, quickly rubs his hands, kneading the air with fabulous vigour. The eyes, ranged behind glasses, flash a challenge past creamy but almost empty walls, to the London daily morning newspapers—from Mr. William J. Brittain, at forty-eight, editor-proprietor of The Recorder, *new daily to be born on October 27. Sharply chiselled features and restless hands and feet dominate the outward evidence of vitality in the Yorkshire engineer's son, who at sixteen held "copy" in a reader's room in Hull, and by thirty was the alert editor of the* Sunday Dispatch *in the Rothermere group. During two-and-a-half years, with Lord Rothermere's consent, he went on occasional Sundays to the residence of the rival owner, Lord Beaverbrook, to hear his former chief's criticisms of the defects and praise of the virtues of the* Sunday Dispatch, *and, then . . . bought* The Recorder. *The bank promised to lend £500, but Brittain took only £400, which he repaid in three months; the paper, a weekly, was born in the last week of October, 1870; was issued anew as a national weekly at the same time, in 1943. Brittain has had the circulation soaring to 22,000, and now owns national and local weeklies, a dozen flourishing properties. But with his wife, who sat next to him in school and is an outstanding writer in her own field, he has long hankered—"for a daily newspaper." Brittain runs no car, prefers to think and walk over the Heath; he eats one day in a teashop, and dines with a marquis the next.*

The Recorder, *first new daily in London for about thirty years, will cater for "the new generation, plead for private enterprise, free enterprise, will respect the sound things." Brittain has scalded the Sunday Press sifting of the drains in Britain, began a campaign headed, "The Shame of Sunday . . ." The new daily will be free from pornography and the staff will include tea-drinking sub-editors (with cruel blue pencils), who will be asked at times to become less austere reporters, viewing life side by side with the readers.*

As I ponder over the three framed pictures on the walls on the top floor and note the attractive photographs of Jane and their eighteen-year-old daughter Juliet, a reporter, I watch the scene in New York, in unforgettable 1930, when Brittain missed meals. These feasts had been cut down to 15 cents (7½d.—"coffee included") on occasion. Then there was ten cents in the purse. Mrs. Brittain chose peanuts. The vendor looked, flung the coin back. . . . "It's a phoney dime." Brittain had struggled and starved because "immigration laws had prevented my accepting work in the United States." There is confidence now and hope as the eyes sparkle. "Exclusive" news from home and afar will be sought and presented, and Brittain recalls, "I was brought up to check facts and names, even if we had to make calls at £3." Fleet Street is in the state to welcome Brittain.—G.B.

Photographed by Eric Coop.

SIR EDMUND AND LADY HILLARY

To-night (October 21st) the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attend the première of the colour film, *The Conquest of Everest*, to be presented at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square. This delightfully informal picture of Sir Edmund and Lady Hillary was taken in London at the start of Sir Edmund's extensive lecture tour, which he has undertaken with other members of the successful Everest expedition. After they have completed their British itinerary, they will tour the Continent and possibly the United States. Money raised by the lecture tour will go to the Everest Trust, for furthering mountaineering exploration in the Himalayas.

TALKING OF TELEVISION: by CYRIL BUTCHER

The Unreasoning Adherence to Faith

IT would be an interesting and, I fear, painful task for some modern philosopher to produce an analysis showing which of man's impulses has been the most guilty of staining the pages of history with blood. Is it the lust for power, greed or merely the blind, unreasoning adherence to Faith? Perhaps such a work has been written. If so, I should like to read it. Whatever the answer may be, during the coming fortnight you will be able to see the last of these impulses directly and indirectly at work in two plays.

The first is *Operation Northstar*, by Harold Bratt, which is scheduled for October 25th and 29th. It is ostensibly a thriller, and perhaps I am doing it an injustice by tying it to the somewhat serious preamble, above. Nevertheless, the play does deal with that very sinister Faith which is poisoning so many men's hearts in these worrying times: Communism.

In the depths of Somewhere in Europe there is an American Embassy, complete with a staff, which naturally includes a military attaché. Colonel Mark Cleaver does not find his appointment an easy one to fulfil. He feels surrounded by fog. Not only the physical kind, provided by the revolting weather which seems to prevail, but also the fog of uncertainty, distrust and disloyalty which has crept into his very office. Vital secrets are leaking out. But the problem is how?

To help him combat this fog of treachery, the Colonel causes to be appointed as his assistant one Captain Tom Bryn: a young man he knows, from past experience, he can trust absolutely. Unfortunately Tom does not admit to his chief that in the course of the fighting in Korea he had received a head injury which causes him to have a mental black-out, from time to time.

Having established this point, the author then loses no time in pointing out that this sort of infirmity is not the best kind of asset for those involved in top-secret Intelligence. Tom Bryn's progress now rapidly becomes more and more unenviable. He is drugged at a bar, dragged into one of those sinister sanatoria—so well known to thriller *habitués*—and treated to a course of narco-analysis; this in order to make him reveal—under hypnosis—the details of Plan Europa, a project which "they" are most anxious to circumvent. I think you will find *Operation Northstar* pretty exciting television. And if you share my passion for hidden safes, secret combinations and invisible rays, you will be well catered for.

Gunpowder, Treason and Plot, by Hugh Ross Williamson, takes us back in history and will be shown on November 1st, with a second performance, appropriately, on November 5th. Sectarian tolerance had not yet been achieved in the days of James I. The appalling days of Bloody Mary were past, it is true, but now the pendulum had swung the other way, and it was uncomfortable and dangerous to be a Roman Catholic in Protestant England. Fines, sequestration of property, imprisonment—even death—were the lot of those whose faith gave allegiance to Rome. Anger, resentment and revolt smouldered in many a pious heart—a fact which was by no means lost on that astute watch-dog of the King, the Earl of Salisbury. He knew that although the Pope had expressly forbidden his flock in England to defend their faith by any show of violence or insurrection, there was always the danger that some hot-head would strike a spark which would set the whole country in flames.

It is around such a band of hot-heads that Mr. Ross Williamson has woven the plot of his play: Thomas Winter, Robert Catesby, Ambrose Rockwood and Guy Fawkes. History has already revealed the dénouement of the story, so the author is left with no alternative but to maintain the dramatic interest of his play in terms of the psychology of his characters. In this, I think you will find, he has succeeded most admirably and, though the Gunpowder Plot was quite uncondonable, he leads to an understanding—and even sympathy—for those misguided conspirators.

Saturday, October 24th, will carry a programme which will have a personal interest for readers of *The Sketch*. For on that day television will stage its review of the Motor Show, and you will be able to see our own motoring correspondent, William Hartley, discussing some of the new models with Richard Dimbleby and the manufacturers. The broadcast will be staged in stately Kenwood House, Hampstead, which in itself is sufficient lure to watch the programme.

For those of you who like to read about the personalities on the screen and behind the scenes in television, there is now the *Television Annual for* 1954, edited by Kenneth Baily (Odhams; 9s. 6d.), the coverage of which seems to be most comprehensive.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

PAUL GALLICO, whose infinitely tender, immeasurably moving stories like *The Snow Goose* and *The Small Miracle* are known and loved by millions, has written specially for "The Sketch" Christmas Number a new story in his inimitable style, *Saint Ludmilla and the Weakling*. With its beautifully-drawn illustrations, it will touch the heart as well as the mind, and live a long time in the memory. Like all Paul Gallico's stories, it is a tale for children of all ages; and like all Paul Gallico's stories, we feel that it will become a legend.

From the tender to the gay: the pages of this special issue abound in colour and warmth—and over all is the special magic of the festive season. There are Harlequins and holly, mummers and mistletoe, "Bushy's Christmas" and a Dolls' Anthology for the children, stories and seasonal articles for the adults. There is a delightful eight-page Colour Supplement of skilfully modernised selections from *The Canterbury Tales*—stories like *The Pilgrims, The Men Who Would Kill Death, Patient Griselda, The Knight and the Old Woman*, and *A Princess's Adventure*.

An imaginary series on the adventures of William Shakespeare among the New Elizabethans adds a lively touch, and there is much more that will entertain and intrigue you. "The Sketch" Christmas Number makes an ideal Christmas present for friends overseas—but don't forget to order one for yourself. From all newsagents, or from the Circulation Manager, "The Sketch," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, W.C.2. On sale November 19th. Price 3s. 6d.

CATEGORICALLY SPEAKING . . .

Good

The Public Prosecutor, by Fritz Hochwaelder. This grim tale of the undoing of one of the French Revolution's most terrible characters, Fouquier-Tinville, has rightly been hailed as one of the best things television has ever done. It was, indeed, an all-round triumph; for brilliant as was the performance of Jack Hawkins in the name part, the success was due to everyone concerned. Googie Withers, though starred, in point of fact led a supporting team of stars, which included Ernest Thesiger, William Sylvester and John Moffatt, and could scarcely have been bettered. The play, with its many long speeches, was not an easy one to produce with pace and excitement. That Dennis Vance succeeded is a measure of the heights of which he is capable.

The Lass Wi' the Muckle Mou, by Alexander Reid, a rumbustious tale concerning Thomas the Rhymer, was hurled at the viewer in terms of truly awesome Scottish. Nevertheless, I thoroughly enjoyed it, if only for the fact that it was devoid of the usual regional mawkishness that is the curse of the average dialect play.

Indifferent

Café Continental. The sparkle seems to have gone out of this perennial programme. I advise Henry Caldwell to try a different vintage.

Bad

Teleclub, a new magazine programme aimed at the Under-Twenty-Ones, missed its mark, and landed fair and square in the eyes of the Just-Out-Of-the-Kindergartens.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

The Fur and the Car

The most elegant of furs with the peak of perfection in cars. Whether one is " mink-minded " or not—and what woman is not ?—one can only admire this superb short jacket in platinum Mink with its rich cuffs and slit sides. By Deanfield, Grafton Street. The hat, in cherry-red velvet, trimmed with black, is from Edelle, Davies Street. The car is a Bentley Saloon.

Specially photographed for " THE SKETCH " by Studio Hanover.

[Continued overleaf

OUR FASHION

The Fur

A Fashion Parade was recently held, showing the changes there have been in fur fashions during the past sixty-odd years, and it was interesting to see how fur has kept pace with the general fashion trends over a period of time. Different kinds of furs have been popular in cycles, and at the moment many of the Victorian

Left : Dramatic as always, Leopard makes this full-length, tuxedo-fronted coat, which can be worn loose, or as here worn belted. From the National Fur Company, Brompton Road. The hat, with its long feather, is from Erik, Brook Street. The car is an Austin A70 Saloon.

Below : A casual cardigan jacket, in Ocelot, leather-bound, and loosely waisted. Completely contemporary, extremely elegant and ideal for the woman driver, particularly the one who drives her own Bentley. From S. London, Sloane Street.

Below : The hair shirt in the modern manner. A loose, short jacket, tailored like a man's shirt, in black-and-white Kid, by Albert Hart, Curzon Street. The car is a Ford *Zephyr*—elder brother to the new *Anglia* and *Prefect.*

PORTFOLIO (continued)

and the Car

favourites—seal, ermine, chinchilla and mole—are again popular. While there are many women who can luckily still afford a sumptuous full-length coat, in accordance with the finances of the times, many now prefer to have their coat cut with their incomes, and choose a three-quarter coat, a jacket, or even a cardigan of fur.

Above : A charming jacket in natural Mink, beautifully worked, with push-up sleeves and a becoming, very full back. The skins are half-blood mink, from the crossing of wild and farmed mink, giving the attributes of both furs. From Molho, Brook Street. The pale blue, head-hugging hat is from Edelle, Davies Street. The car is a Bristol 403 Saloon.

Left : The favourite of the Victorian age, black Seal, a smooth and glossy and extremely smart fur, seen here in a loose jacket, with a low half-belt. The coat, from Fortnum and Mason's Fur Department, is worn over a tweed suit, with a matching hat, from Angele Delanghe's Salon at Fortnum's. The car is a Jaguar Mark VII. Saloon.

[Continued overleaf.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

The Fur and the Car

Unusual and attractive colourings are blended together in this delightful coat, of brown Persian Lamb, edged and cuffed with Aleutian Mink. The coat falls gracefully from soft shoulders. The sleeves are easy and narrow at the wrists. Toning with the coat is the mushroom-coloured cloche. Both are from Bradleys, Welbeck Street. The car is a Daimler *Conquest*.

[Continued on page 413.

women adore DAKS REGD *skirts*

Simpson
TAILORED

A Daks skirt is as slimming as a diet. The superb cut tapers your hips, while the wonderful waistband clasps your middle neatly, securely, comfortably. Nothing could be smarter than the well placed slant pockets. There are attractive new styles this year for country life, golf, everyday, and elegant town wear. In a host of exclusive and beautiful materials—ranging from tweeds to sleek barathea. At the best shops and stores everywhere.

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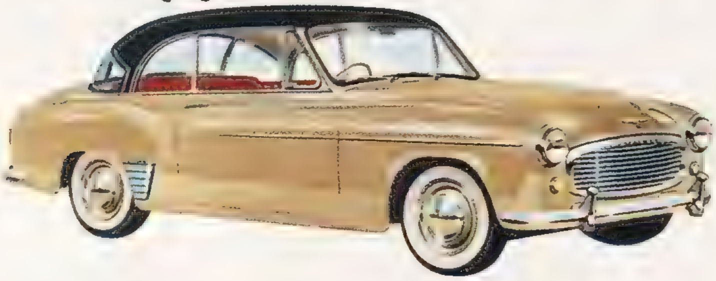
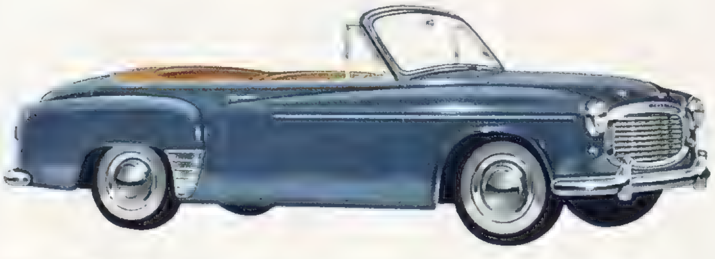


The **Hillman** Californian. Looked at, or looked out of, the view is superb. Windows drop down clear into the body panels, and up or down, for all-round vision the sky's the limit. Dual colour schemes.



The **Hillman Minx** Convertible. Triple success—as an open car with fold-away hood, a town coupé, or the comfort of a saloon. Three cars in one, to match any mood, any occasion, any weather.

This motoring year, looks make news! The 'Big Ca beauty of the new Minx Saloon, with added luggag space to match its five-seater comfort . . . The excitir international elegance of the Hillman Californian, styl setter for years to come . . . The sleek grace of t Minx Convertible, weatherwise in its easy adaptabili to every occasion . . . The all-purpose smartness an style of the Estate Car, equally at home in town c country.

Yes, looks make news. But the best news of all—th choice is yours. See them at the Motor Show. Then try them on the road at your Hillman dealers, and you'll agree: no car more surely earned its world-wide fame. It's big car motoring at light car cost at Hillman's incomparable best.

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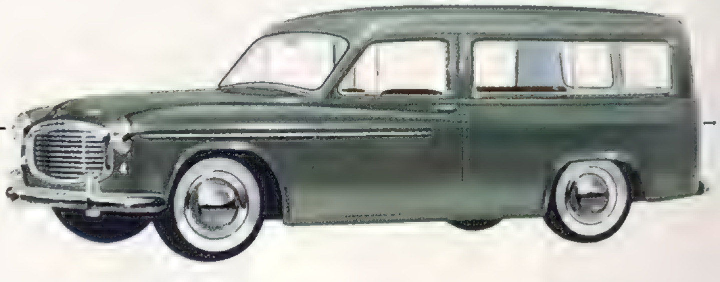

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OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

A fur coat that is reasonably priced is found here. A Tescan coat, in grey Embros Lamb, styled by Keisner, this short jacket is hard-wearing and easy to wear. The collar can be worn up or down, the cuffs are large. Price 29 guineas, from Swan and Edgar. The green tam-o'-shanter hat, with its large black pom-pon, is from Erik, Brook Street. The car is a Wolseley 4/44 Saloon.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Shopping Treasure Hunt

By SUSAN CARR

IF you have young children and don't happen to possess the patience of Job; or, and infinitely preferably, a good nanny, you probably dread mealtimes, particularly during the stage when children insist on feeding themselves and take so long about it that the food is reduced to a cold, unsavoury mess. I 've lately found two feeding dishes which keep even the slowest child's food warm. One, very sturdily made, is available with blue or pink decoration, and is packed in a carton which has a Mabel Lucy Attwell design on it. The dish, decorated with nursery rhymes, is fitted into a highly polished chromium-plated hot-water container. The other feeding dish, called *Keep-Warm*, which also has a hot-water compartment, can be had in pink, blue or white plastic. It has an attractive box decorated with scenes from nursery rhymes.

* * * *

Have you ever noticed that one of the more strange characteristics of the English is our desire to share unpleasant experiences with others? How often I 've heard people (and done it myself) pressing others to " feel this ; it hurts," or " smell this ; it 's ghastly." Sometimes what is a pleasant smell to one person—like that of newly-polished furniture —is disagreeable to another, but I 've yet to find anybody who enjoys the aroma of, say, cooking cauliflower, penetrating all over the house or flat. Several different products designed to disguise household odours have appeared since the war; one of them, which I have used for some time now, I find acts instantaneously and is extremely effective. You simply press a button on the top of the container which sprays a small quantity of vapour into the air, and, hey presto! the smell is dead. One warning—don't be carried away and use it too freely—a puff or two is quite sufficient.

* * * *

Although I 've heard about barrier creams for years, I 've only quite recently started to use them myself, and I am delighted to find that they are no bother at all to apply, and that with their aid one really can wash up and prepare vegetables, and even do really dirty chores without ruining one's hands. The barrier creams which I 've been using (incidentally, the ones used in Government factories during the war) consist of two types—one which lasts up to four hours and is for wet work and protects against the harshest soaps, detergents and bleaches. The cream in this form is known as " 71," while the other, " 51," is intended for dry work such as handling ashes, cleaning brass, and so on, and is washed off instantly with the dirt. The ideal thing is to have a tube of each, and first rub your hands with " 71 " followed by " 51," and then you are ready to cope with anything!

* * * *

Welcome to some new furniture rests designed to protect floor coverings and make the moving of even heavy furniture a far easier task. These " rests " glide smoothly over carpets, linoleum, wood or the modern thermo-plastic floors without slipping, catching or marking. They are designed on a new principle—the bearing surface is the large flat underside of a solid plastic dome, into which is fitted a metal cup containing a ball and socket joint from which stems two adjustable prongs of a cotter-pin. They will support the weight of even the heaviest furniture without sinking or indenting the floor surface, providing that you fit the correct size, and there are three: Type " B " for dining-room chairs and small furniture; type " C " for armchairs, single divans, light tables, desks, and so forth, and type " D " for pianos, wardrobes and other very heavy furniture. Incidentally, they are extremely easy to fix.

* * * *

A new book-rest which I 've found is light and folds flat, but will take any normal-sized book from *The Sketch* to an encyclopædia, and a finger touch adjusts it to any angle. If you are reading in bed you can prop it up on the bedclothes and avoid that awful wrist-ache which comes from holding a book in one hand for any length of time. A heavier model, which has an attachment to hold a shorthand book, is made for use in offices.

* * * *

Useful for men and women are some rubber garment grippers which prevent blouses or shirts riding up and leaving an ugly gap. No sewing is needed, as they are easily secured to the waist band of skirt or trousers with the pins which are incorporated in the grippers.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

Garrison Hot Water Plate : 18s. 6d. ; Selfridges, Harrods, Army and Navy, John Lewis. . . . Kaymet Keep-Warm Plastic Feeding Dish : 7s. 11d. ; John Lewis. . . . Cooper's " Fresh-aire " : 7s. 6d. ; Harrods and Army and Navy. . . . Innoxa Barrier Creams : 3s. a tube ; chemists and large stores. . . . Armstrong's Furniture Rests : Type " B," 8s. 6d. ; Type " C," 9s. 9d., and Type " D," 10s. for set of four ; Harrods and Selfridges. . . . " Read-E-Ze " Bookrest : 5s. 6d., and office model, 7s. 6d., in various colours ; Druces of Baker Street. . . . Kleinert's Garment Grippers : 3s. 11d. ; drapers and large stores.

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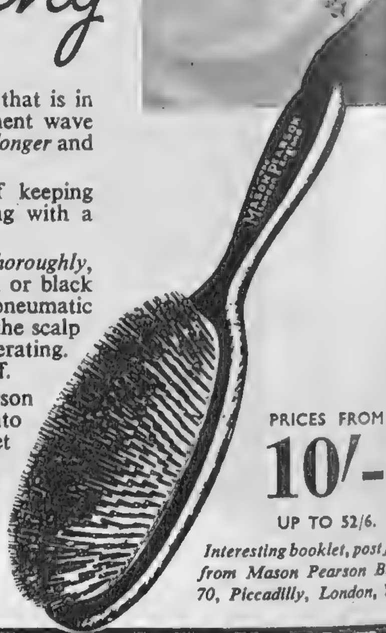
. . . is healthy hair! For hair that is in good condition takes a permanent wave better, *keeps a permanent wave longer* and sets more beautifully.

The simplest, surest way of keeping hair healthy is regular brushing with a Mason Pearson Brush.

A Mason Pearson brushes *thoroughly*, its slender spired tufts of nylon or black wild boar bristles, set in a pneumatic rubber cushion, reach right to the scalp —massaging, stimulating, aerating, clearing away dust and dandruff.

A touch with a Mason Pearson lifts every disarranged strand into its right place, restoring the set to its proper formation. And remember—*brushing with a Mason Pearson improves a permanent wave.* Ask at your chemist's, hairdresser's or stores, or direct from Mason Pearson Bros., 70, Piccadilly, London, W.1.



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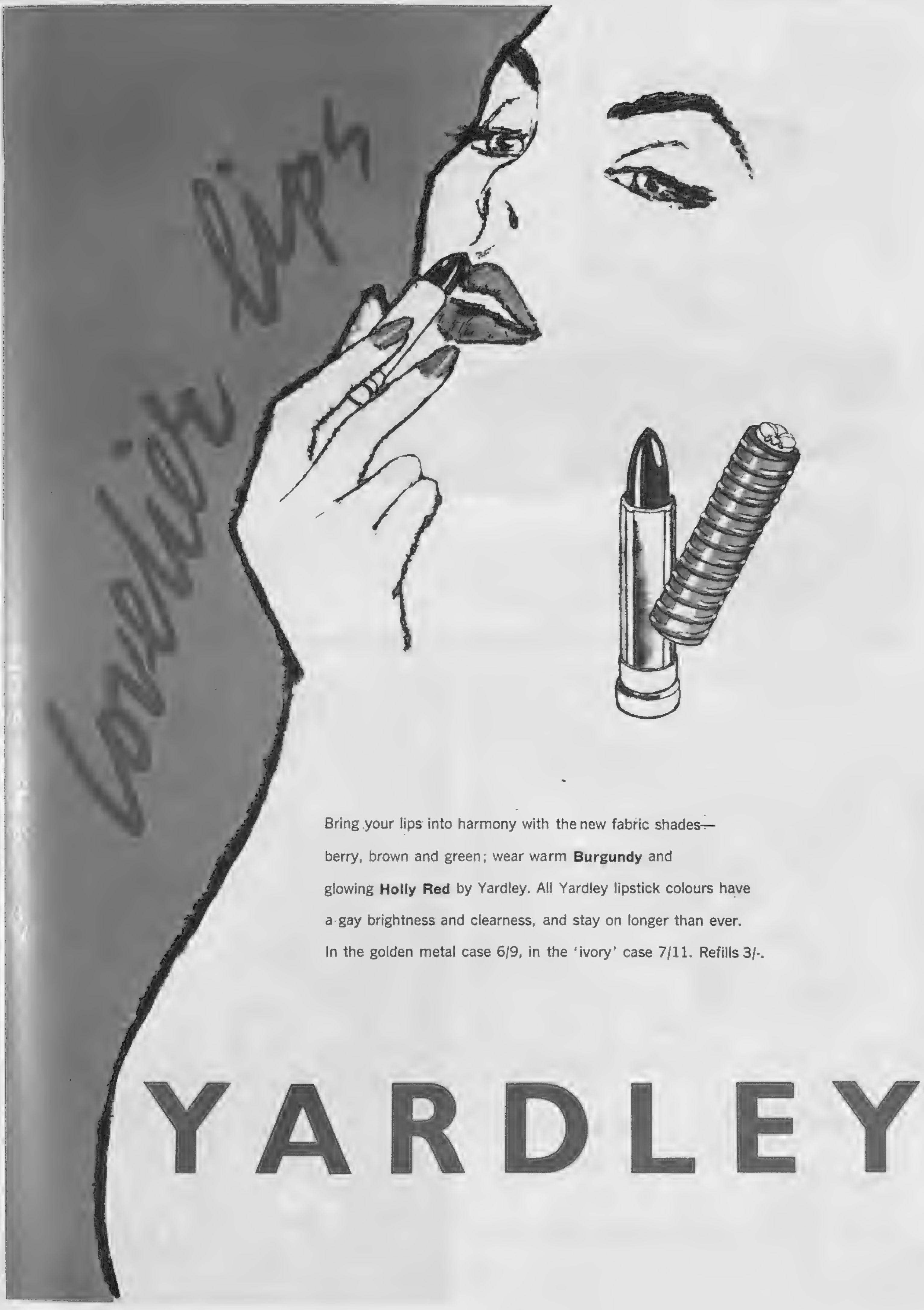
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Bring your lips into harmony with the new fabric shades—
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Sports coupe

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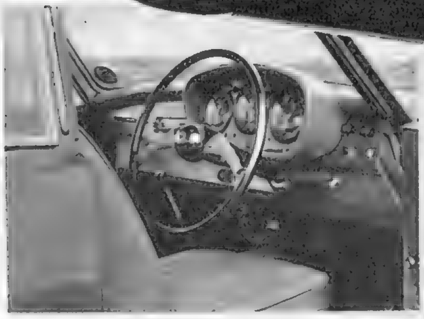

The 404 has individual bucket type front seats adjustable for both rake and reach. Main instruments are grouped together in front of the driver and are cowled to eliminate reflection.

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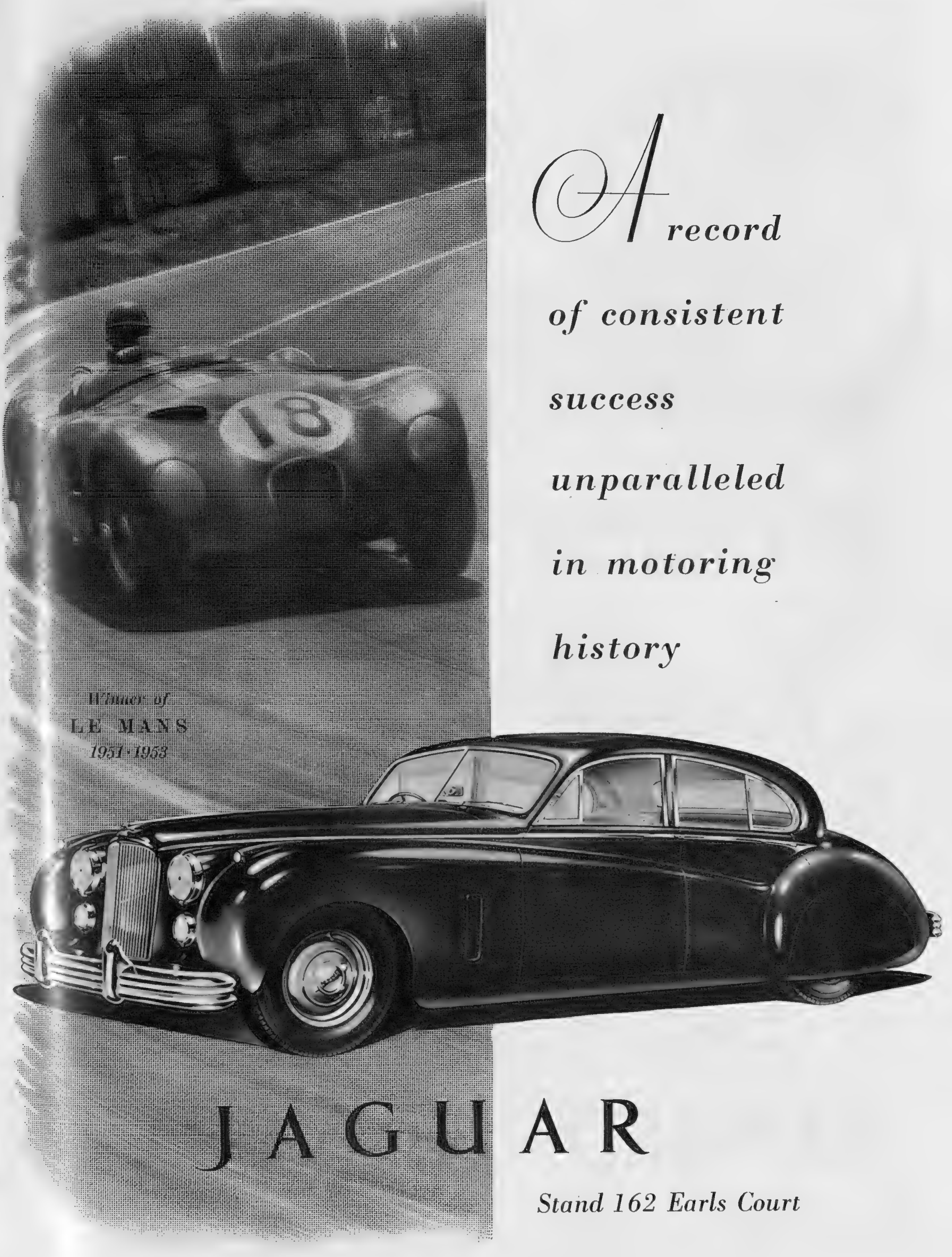
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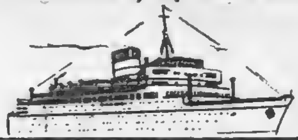

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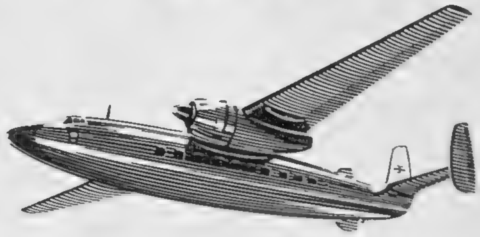

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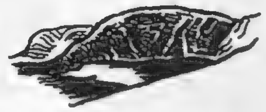

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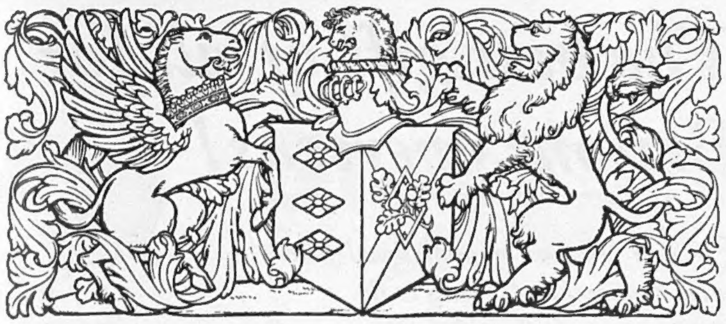

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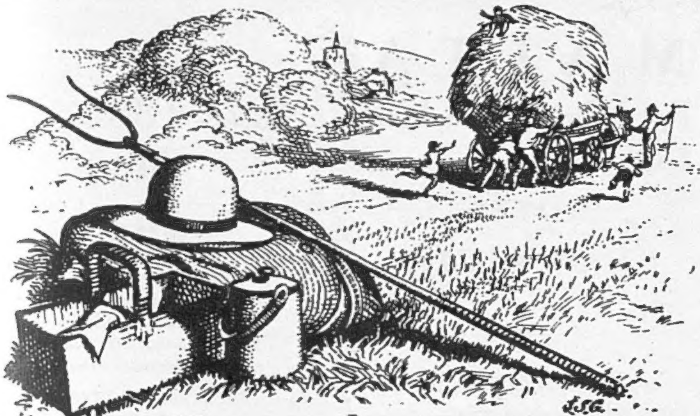

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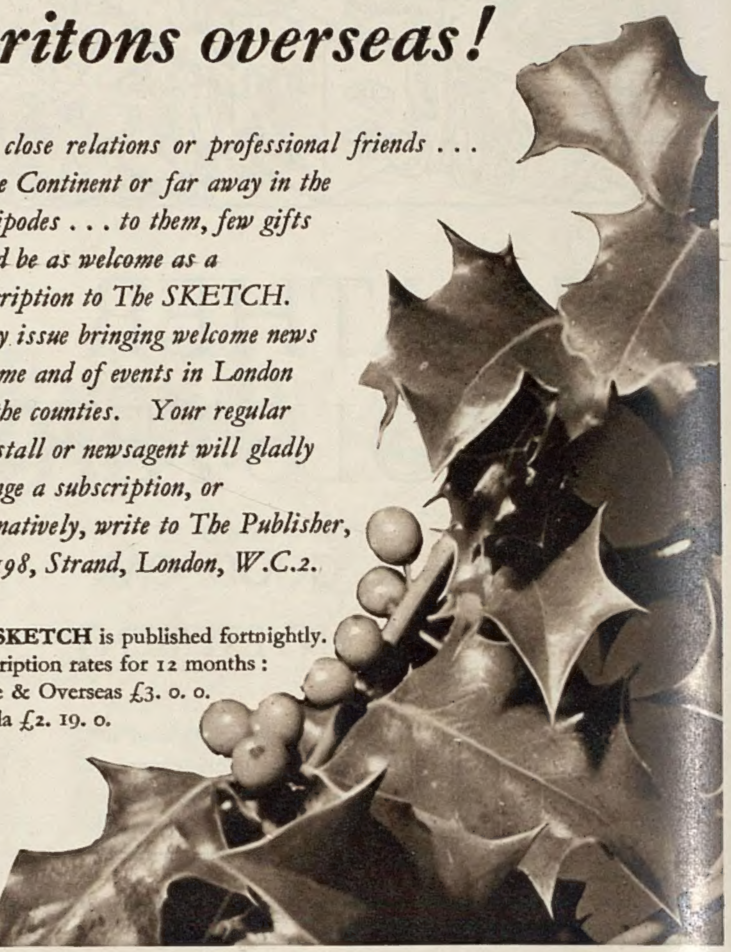

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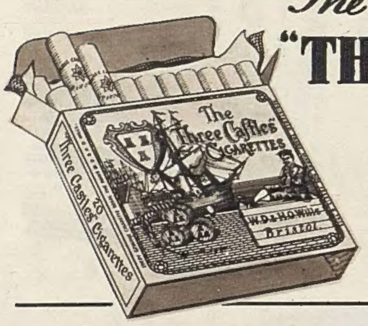

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MARIE BRIZARD

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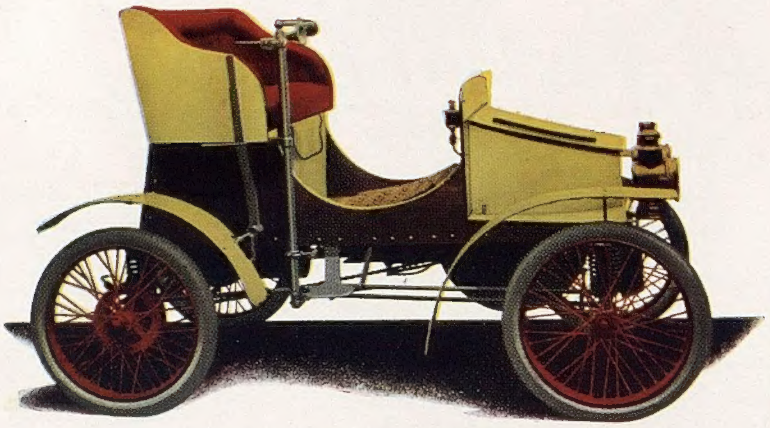
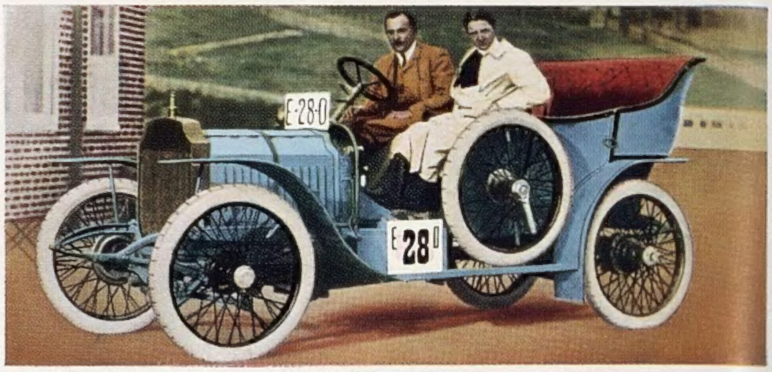
VAUXHALL GOLDEN JUBILEE • 1903 TO 1953

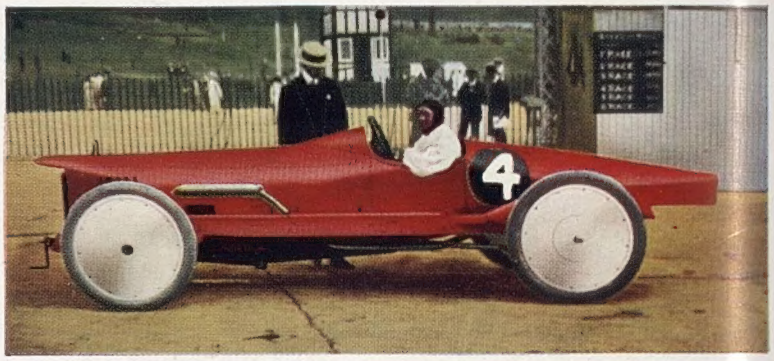
It all started with one cylinder



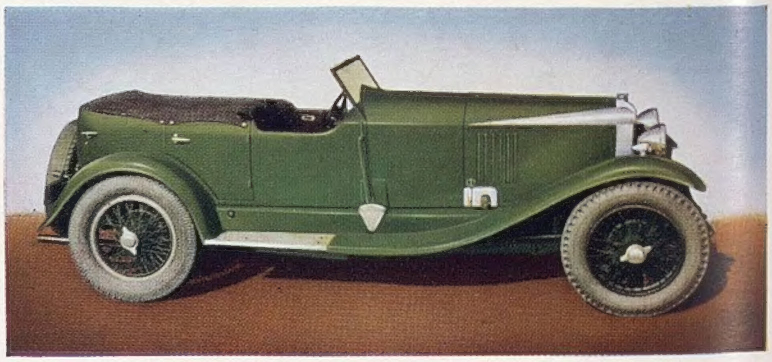
1903—First Vauxhall Ever Offered for Sale
Single cylinder, 4″ x 4¾″, horizontal stroke.
Tiller steering. No reverse



1908—Reliability—45 Years Ago! In the RAC and Scottish Reliability Trials this 20 hp Vauxhall became the world's first car to complete 2,000 miles without one involuntary stop



1910—First 20 hp Car to Beat 100 mph was this Vauxhall which flashed down the Brooklands flying half-mile at 100.08 mph



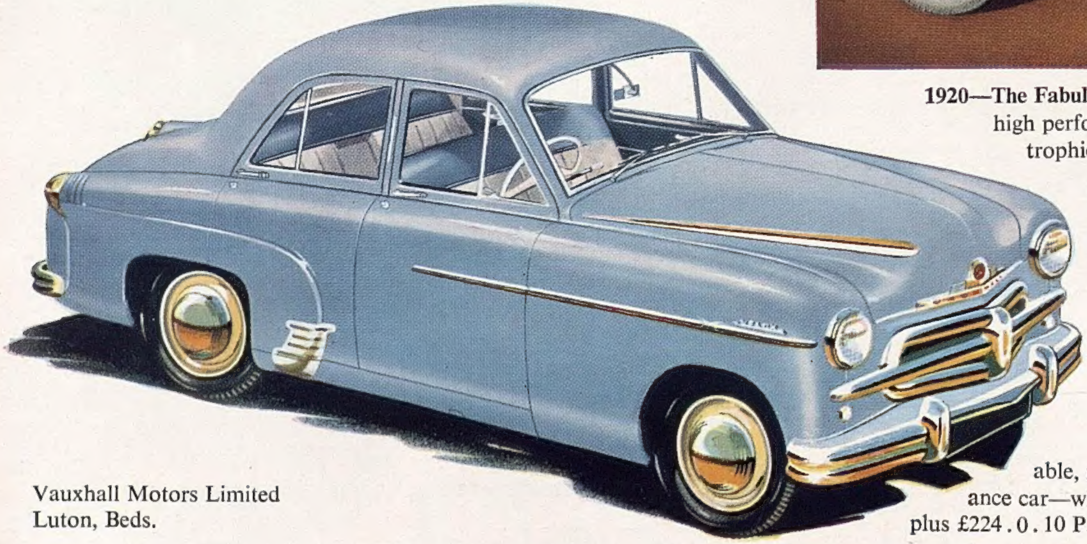
1920—The Fabulous Vauxhall 30/98—" One of the greatest British high performance cars of all time ", winner of innumerable trophies. And still winning today in vintage car events

Startled citizens were still stroking their chins over the horseless carriage, and saying it would never replace the horse, when the first Vauxhall puttered on to the road. What a wildly daring departure for a respectable firm of marine engineers! And what a long way Vauxhalls have travelled in the fifty years since!

Before long Vauxhalls were beating all comers for reliability and speed. In 1908 a 20 hp Vauxhall won the 2,000 Mile RAC Trial coupled with the Scottish Reliability Trials. In 1911 four 16 hp world's records were broken. In 1912 a new 20 hp world's record of 97.15 mph over 50 miles was set up. In 1913 the fabulous 30/98 Vauxhall, *the sports car of sports cars* was introduced. In the 1914 war the Vauxhall 25 was the No.1 staff car. It took King George V as near the front line as a car could go.

Between the wars, Vauxhall set new conceptions of motoring value by marrying economy and performance. The Cadet, the " Light Six ", the 10 hp made motorists of pedestrians in tens of thousands.

Today Vauxhall lead the way with the new Wyvern and Velox, so big and handsome, so powerful, inexpensive and economical, that the designer of that first single-cylinder tiller-steered marvel might well gasp at the revolution he began.



And Today—The six cylinder, spacious, comfortable, reliable Vauxhall Velox, an 80 mph high performance car—which combines economy with luxury. Price £535, plus £224 . 0 . 10 P.T. The 4 cyl. Wyvern £495, plus £207 . 7 . 6 P.T.

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